



TWO DOLLARS PER YEAR. CINCINNATI, MARCH 8, 1890. ONE DOLLAR FOR SIX MONTHS. VOLUME 6. NUMBER 10.

THE BETTER WAY.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., PROPRIETORS
B. W. COE, OF PLUM AND McFARLAND BLS.
CINCINNATI, O.
M. G. YOUNG, President.
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THE ROSTRUM.

THE ETHICS AND PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

A Lecture Delivered by Prof. J. Clegg Wright before the Society of the Union Spiritualists at Cincinnati, Sunday Evening, February 9th, 1890.
Specially Reported for The Better Way.

The subject this evening to which I wish to invite your studious attention is "The Ethics and Philosophy of Death." By the word death I mean change. Life and death to me mean the same thing. The phenomena of life are living compounded organisms, never permanent or fixed in one form, but there is wear and tear constantly going on, which is waste of certain parts; this is a continuous process of death or change. An atom never dies. It is not a compounded substance, as at present understood, but believed to be an insoluble element and indestructible. It cannot be dissolved into something else. It is simple and not made up of parts. The atoms out of which this phenomenal universe is made can never pass away. Atoms are eternal, because reason cannot affirm that they were ever created, because creation would involve a contradiction of reason. From nothing nothing can come. The presumption is in favor of the perpetual existence of matter. Matter is constantly changing from one mode to another, and we have an endless succession of phenomena. Each phenomenon runs its course and becomes an active cause of something else and then dies and disappears.

The life of the snow flake is very precarious. It does not live long in Cincinnati. This snow flake is an example of crystallization. It is the product of certain conditions which exist in the force of nature, and appears under certain thermal states. The phenomena of its existence are purely conditional states. Its life is the measure of its conditions. The matter and force of the snow flake never die, but the snow flake dies. It is a relation—a compound.

The snow crystal is a very temporary state. We know not the real causes which make cold and heat, life and death. The life of a grain of sand is longer than that of a snow flake, and a diamond will outlive the life of a granite monument. The sand and the diamond had their birth in a vast geological

past, and will hold their parts together for ages yet to come. There was a time when they were born, and there will be a time for them to die. The changes produced by the action of the atmosphere, rain, snow and frost; the washings of the rivers and seas are changing the surface of the earth. What is land to-day in some remote age will be covered with water as deep as the Atlantic ocean. Great rivers carry the solid parts of rocks and soils in solution outward to the sea, and there deposits them to form the foundation of future continents and mountain ranges. The earth on which we live is a huge grave yard; a gigantic battle has been fought out, and the debris reappear and reappear to fight out new conflicts.

The organic world follows the same law. The dead carcass is the seat of a voluminous life which consumes that which brought it forth. Kill and eat is the terrible and tragical edict of nature. The lion's tooth and the tiger's claw have their counterparts in every class of organic life. The world is a grand butcher's shop. We are killing daily the barn yard fowls; many of you could not chop off the head of that proud rooster. It would be a strain upon your nerves, but you think nothing at all about eating it. Sensitiveness is controlled by habit. If we were not in the habit of eating fowl, how backward we would be to touch such food. We can eat that which we cannot kill, because it is habit. Morals are dominant habits. That habit which secures the social sanction is a moral law. All our rights are secured habits, and so long as they receive the social sanction they are moral, no longer.

The ethical principle in death is that the weakest form of life yields to the strongest. The law has been put in this form, "the survival of the fittest." Life ceases when the conditions for its existence cease. Life is one set of conditions, and death is the coming of another set of conditions. These conditions change with a mechanical order of relativity.

Let us for a moment consider who are the fittest. Those are the fittest who have the advantage of situation and capability in the general struggle for existence. This advantage may be the result of hereditary transmissions of power and quality, or the fortunate bequest left by frugal ancestors, which give the receiver a great advantage in the social conflict. The rich are powerful because they can buy advantage with their money. The poor, eager for money, sell their power to the rich that they may have a miserable existence. The poor man reasons thus, and it is good logic, it is better for me to sell my strength to the rich than not sell it and die. The ethical standard is the will of the strongest, and in human society the strongest is the rich. This struggle will never lead to social equality. We shall always have the victor and the vanquished, the fit and the non-fit.

The panacea for human ill conceived in the imagination of social philanthropists will never meet the problem of poverty. The ways of nature can never be subverted.

Within the lives of some grey-headed men I see before me many plans have been proposed to reconcile the conflict between the ruler and the ruled, and the rich and the poor, but they all have failed. A generation has floundered eternally since Fergus O'Connor developed his land scheme, in which he proposed to make earth a paradise by apportioning all the land into small farms of four acres; Henry George has been heard from, shot off his gun, but the world heeds it not; and now Looking Backward has come and made his noise, too, but Bellamy may bellow a thousand years down the ages, and still the old conflict, the ethics of death, will be the same. The man will take who has the power, and he will keep who can.

After the conditions of life, make it more easy to live, and then what will

we have? We shall immediately have an increase of population. When a man becomes easier in his circumstances he marries, brings into the world a family, and the old conditions of suffering are reached in less than a decade. The population will grow up to the line of the food supply. The political parties are divided in this country by fiscal considerations. One wants a maximum of free trade and the other wants the maximum of protection. Free trade and protection represent serious issues for the industry of the country. Both parties are in deep earnest, and both are confident they understand the problem.

The issue before human reason is greater than either party comprehends. The question is, to my mind, "What shall America do with its superfluities?" Free trade and protection, as handled by these parties, is no better than twaddledum and tweedledee.

The steamboat and railroad have almost annihilated geography; Chicago and Liverpool are but a few days' journey apart, and the world can be gone around in about seventy days. The nations of the world are linked together by chains of iron. Old world ideas are out of date. The age of tools and iron has brought the world together, which religion and philosophy failed to do.

I see no possible prospect of any philosophy changing the processes of nature. The ethics of the survival of the fittest seems to be the only possible rule for men and nature. So long as the character of the former does not evolve the attributes of the Archangel, social reformers, socialists, anarchists, communists and nihilists may fulminate anathemas against order and society, but the process of change and civilization will go on the same, as determined by the laws of nature.

Let me take your minds back again to the continuous flux of life and death in the phenomena of nature. As I was coming away from my home this evening I saw in the sky that magnificent constellation Orion. Astronomers tell us that in that constellation are vast fields of nebulous matter, which in time will condense, or be aggregated into bodies of great magnitude, like the stars themselves, and that the whole of the stellar universes came up from nebulous masses of fire mist, and that the end of solid worlds in space will be fire mist again. If this glittering hypothesis be true, we see that nature is on a march from the simple aggregations of matter to highly complicated aggregations of matter and back again to the simple. Through the fields of imagination we can see infinite periods proceeding on their way and ending, phenomena collapse and others begin.

The view of the universe thus presented strikes the soul with sublime views and emotions. The force of the universe ever expressing itself in startling and wonderful phenomena.

Amid this universal change apparent in all things, what will the effects be upon man himself, that original self that thinks, knows and wills, what will become of the soul? Will some cataclysm overtake it? Will natural decay or convulsions affect the relations and existence of the soul? We are in deep water, a profound problem for human reason, a sublime theme for exalted inspirations.

Let us talk a moment about this original self, this soul which thinks, reasons, wills, makes a body out of matter, not in any teleological method, but by unconscious mechanical order or natural selection under modifications of the environment, becomes conscious in this body of the existence and dependence of phenomena. I maintain that this original self is an atom infinitely removed in its nature from the atoms of cosmic matter. That under certain conditions it comes into relativity with matter, and is one of the agents in the formation of all organic existences, and that the perpetual changes in the evolution of matter are mainly due to the

active presence of this agent, and expresses its highest consciousness when under the most favorable environment. And the event of death makes the original self stand in a new relation of higher consciousness, so that in reality the different processes of change going on in the universe in the visible reflection of the continuous changes being produced in atoms of spirit until the highest soulhood is attained, if there be a highest. How do I reason myself to accept the soul atom as a postulate of reason? Thus, this is another postulate of human reason, that there can be nothing in the whole which does not exist in the parts. You may take protoplasm and separate it into its chemical parts, but put those parts together again and they do not make protoplasm or life. Human consciousness cannot be the result of the organization of bodily parts, because the bodily parts have none of the qualities of mind. If they do not possess them in themselves, they cannot be the cause of them when united. There can be nothing in the function which is not produced by the organism, but matter does not think, will, reason, or feel; the soul of man thinks, wills, reasons, and feels, therefore there must be these qualities in one or more of the combining parts. In every organized being there must be spirit. The qualities of mind cannot be expressed in terms which will express the qualities of matter. The qualities of my consciousness I cannot speak of as long, short, black or white. There is something I call myself, which is not my body. Which is that conscious, which lives, reasons, wills and feels through my body, and which death frees from my body?

What is an atom? It is the smallest body I can think of, and I have to shut my eyes to look at it. Matter atoms do not think, will and reason. Spirit atoms think, will and reason when it has passed into some suitable relation in which a mode of living consciousness is produced. If a soul was hung up in infinite nothing, it would not be conscious of anything, because anything does not exist. Itself must come into suitable relations with something else or it would have no sensation, without sensation there can be no perception, and without perception there can be no consciousness.

Death changes the soul's relation to matter; completes its personal direct physical consciousness; and puts it into new condition and relations which conditions and relations are not ethical, but natural. The memory may hold the experience of that past relativity, but the spiritual consciousness may be so completely different from the physical consciousness that the conditions of the one do not impinge upon the conditions of the other.

Sometimes we have rudimentary glimpses of the spiritual consciousness. The spiritual sight is open and we see through that distant threshold the thrilling glories and precious souls made dear to us by love and labor rendered here on earth. Those sights are far too circumscribed and infrequent, but now and then the darkness which envelopes us is broken. Clairvoyance sees another world. Psychometry reads the silent history of the universe. These two powers are sensational agents in the spiritual consciousness. The highest flight of hope and wisdom cannot paint the grandeur of that spiritual state. Reason with those added powers will mean no more than it means now. Knowledge will be ready for our hands to grasp. The clouds of mystery which are thick around us here, will be barriers no longer there. We shall be illumined with new sensational power. The fountains of happiness will be higher. We shall scent the perfume of the spirit flower and life and know more of the grand secrets of universal good, of work, brotherhood, life and love.

Schopenhauer says the ringing of church bells always reminds him of fire. Where?

Specially Reported for the Better Way.
SYNOPSIS OF LECTURE
Delivered by Mrs. Nellie Brigham at Adelphi Hall, New York, January 19, 1890.

Q.—To what extent has our spirit power over our bodies? Can it change our nature?

A.—Friends, your bodies are your garments, the shells that you are in, like the chambered nautilus or like the little germ of the acorn that is slumbering in its pretty covering. It may dream of the slugging winds and the summer light and winter storms, or of the great life of the oak tree. You in the bodies are in prisons, as one might say, and yet they are like schools too. If you live through the schoolhouse and prison you learn many things, but they are not you, though you carry them about because you have to. You are learning lessons in them day by day; this is right because it is the sphere in which you are living, and there are wonderful and beautiful lessons that lie all along your pathway, and some that you cannot learn anywhere else. So if you leave these bodies before your lessons are learned, you must come back and under conditions perhaps a little more difficult you learn through others these lessons that you have passed over.

But this is a necessary state of existence; it is your cradle, your nursery, it is to this that your bodies belong and your spirits are allied to them, and must form a part of your lives here. But do not suppose that the house is the inmate, that the garment is the wearer, that the prison is the prisoner, because this is not so by any means. We have seen prisons with very narrow windows letting in but little light, we have known prisoners who have been the victims of human wrong and of human mistakes, whose eyes have looked broadly into the light of heaven, and they have not been like their prisoners, thick and stony and cold and narrow-eyed, but have looked away from the pains of the earthly into the glory of the celestial and divine. We have known bodies here that were bent and distorted, bodies deformed and mutilated, bodies that were ragged with material conditions and with immense pain, but we have known the spirit within to be tall and straight and beautiful—bound in that body, held in it, but only for a time.

When we look at a rose like that it seems difficult to believe that there ever was a time when this little green bud held it, but it did. But when the great, rich, fragrant bud grew larger it could hold it no longer. You can never pack anything as nature packs it. These little leaves were creased and pressed and folded, but when it has once blossomed there is no power in the universe that can put it back again as it was before. When we have seen some beautiful souls who were blossoming in eternity, we have looked at the worn, faded, weary, deformed bodies that held them, and have said how like they are to these roses of nature. The body has a certain effect on the spirit by holding it for a time, but it holds it through your ignorance. If you were only wise enough to understand you would see that these material things were of little importance. The body holds you, but it is no more you than the garment that you wear, than that the house that you are living in for a little time is you. You may dwell in it because you are compelled to do so, but it cannot express your spiritual nature.

Can the spirit change our nature? Certainly it can. Friend, don't think that you are under the control of circumstances, that you have no control over yourself. Suppose you look at something in nature and see what cultivation you do. How from the single wild rose came this exquisite blossom for the great, great, great grandfather of this rose was a single wild rose. There are qualities in human nature that are single, as one might say, or qualities that are not important, apparently, and you may say, "Well, we

cannot change ourselves, let us drift." Oh, no, friends, Kismet is not a great swift stream that is bearing you onward; there are laws in nature, there are events that shape your course, perhaps, but you belong to the realm of causation as much as anything else; you are a very important factor in the drift and movement of the events of your time. So look into your life, here are certain elements which are not very strong; go to work and strengthen them, repress the evil by cultivating and developing the good, and giving perpetual expression to the good. If you want to stifle ignorance you cultivate knowledge, you make a light when you want to have the darkness disappear, when you want to take out ignorance from your life you give it the light of understanding; so the light of God shines upon everything in life, and we should develop and cultivate our virtues until our single rose are double and rich and fragrant, until the little blossoms of purple and gold that dotted our grandmothers' gardens (violets, some called them; others, heart's ease,) become rich and glorious pansies, and all by cultivation and environment. So you can cultivate your own nature till you have the glory and peace of the kingdom of heaven.

By what physical form shall we know our friends in the spirit land?

No; you will not find your deformed friends bent and distorted as when here; you will not find your aged friend trying to walk, but still with trembling steps along the golden streets; you will not find your dear friend holding his hand to his ear in this way. Then how shall you know them? How do you know each other here? How is the individual expressed? By everything. It is expressed by the gestures, by the tone of your voice, by your inflections, by your laughter, by your smile, by the glance of your eye, by the raising of your eyebrows; it is expressed by the connection of sentences, by the way in which you put your words together, by the words which you use to clothe your ideas and thoughts. Your individuality is expressed by these. Were you permitted to know them, you could tell by the looks one reads, by the pictures one loves to see, the flowers one adores, the garments he wears, in fact, by everything that belongs to that individual you could see the individual; it takes these things to express him perfectly.

Now in the spirit land the individual is more clearly and fully expressed in everything and by everything that belonged to the person, and when you reach that other shore the moment you look into the eyes of your friends you will know them, not by the color alone. Did you ever stop to think and analyze the color of your friend's eyes? You look at the expression of those eyes. Sometimes they are deeper and darker, sometimes softened with tears, sometimes bright with laughter, but about the exact shade it is difficult to say. You see the soul that looks through, so in the spirit land they are glorified in looks, but we shall know them by their individuality, and there will be no doubt, no darkness even, for you will see there no longer as through a glass darkly.

Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

Shall we tell you of the patriarchs and prophets and seers, shall we point out to you those who held office in the realm divine in this wonderful and glorious world, or bring to you a most lovely vision—a little fragment of one of the great, sweet, white poems that the world has treasured?

It is of one who in the night shadows saw an angel writing names—his names of those who loved the Lord, and the one who saw the vision asked if his name was there. Now you see the angel had not finished writing, and he asked if his was one, and the angel answered, no; not so. And he answered, "I pray thee write me as one who loves his fellowmen." You are told that the angel wrote and vanished, and the next night, in the glory of the great awakened light that shone around him, he showed the book he showed the names that love of God had blessed, and let Ben Abou's name be all the rest.

So when you ask us who is the greatest, the poet will tell you all about it—the one who loves his fellowmen, the one who does the most for humanity—he is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

Written For The Better Way.

EXPERIENCES IN THE LIFE OF A SPIRITUALIST.

(In Seven Chapters.)

BY A. H. NICHOLAS.

Chapter I.

I have been much interested in the narratives given by others of their individual experiences, and I have been impressed to try my hand at one, in hope of being able to interest and help others. But I do not see that the world would be made any better by a mere narrative unless useful lessons may be learned from it; otherwise the story of my experience would not be worth the reading. Many people waste much valuable time reading unprofitable narratives, and I don't want to produce one of that kind.

It will be necessary for me to philosophize, in some degree, and reiterate some principles, true and valuable, chiefly for the benefit of new learners and readers that are being constantly added to the spiritual army. That which we read, whether it be good or bad, helps to form character. You can not read a book or a paper but what you are, in a measure, colored by the story or contents, or your thoughts will receive and take formation or shape by the ideas expressed; and though you have read a book and laid it aside, it has made an impression upon you that cannot be destroyed; therefore, whatever condition you may take on will mark you, or in some way leave its impress upon your soul.

In the autumn of 1849 there came news to my native town, Rushville, Ind., that they had spirit rappings in a neighboring county twenty miles away, and that the living could communicate with the dead. Two or three persons went there to see the operators, and returned and reported that it was true—that they had witnessed the rappings and table tipplings, and had actually conversed with their dead relations. The spirits were asked to give the names of mediums in Rushville; and there, amid strangers, two or three familiar names were spelled out through the alphabet—names that no one was thinking of. The first among the number was my sister's name. She was then sixteen years old and a member of the Methodist Church.

The news spread around and many people came to our home in hope of investigating the new philosophy; but my sister declined to be a medium, for the M. E. preacher had warned her to have nothing to do with Spiritualism; and accordingly she never did, but was ever after prejudiced against it. However, communication was opened with the spirit world at other houses, by rappings, table tipplings, etc. There was some excitement, and it was, for a time, the principle topic of conversation.

In these days it was regarded as a disgrace to engage in the investigation—preachers would say hard things against Spiritualism and admonish their adherents to stay away from spirit circles; so but few people of respectability could bear up under the public odium attached to such proceedings.

One old man, I remember, preached against it, but privately sought admission to spirit circles, and we heard it said that his cane walked alone and danced on the floor, without any visible contact. He thought there was some wonderful power behind these manifestations, but it might be the devil.

The few glimpses I got of Spiritualism along the journey of life did not make any important impression on my mind until I learned its philosophy. The fact is, I did not know there was any philosophy or religion connected with it, but if I had known of it in my earlier years, doubtless would have given the best labor of my life to the cause. I now look back and wonder how it could be possible that fifty years of my life could have passed away and all this glorious light and knowledge embraced in Spiritualism escape my attention. Yet there are now thousands of people in this country beyond that age who are ignorant of its truth and reality.

I was one of those persons who did not investigate it, who learned but little and cared less for a knowledge of Spiritualism, chiefly because I had no idea of its use and value to the world, and in part because of prejudice.

In the course of time my father died, and after I had settled up his estate went to Western Iowa near Council Bluffs, where I lived seven years, and experienced some hard times in the meantime. From there I removed to Southern Kansas, near Fort Scott. During my residence there I learned of the existence of some relatives near Leavenworth, whom I had never seen; and I went to visit them. I found them to be good and pleasant people, and soon learned that they were Spiritualists, and had a medium in the family—a handsome girl, sixteen years old.

We had several seances in which the medium was entranced and controlled by some wonderful intelligence, and spoke to us some wonderful words, certainly not her own. From what I learned and witnessed there, I was convinced of the fact that we all live again beyond the death of the body, bearing our identity, individuality and character; also that spirits can and do return,

and communicate to mortals through mediums.

These were new and valuable facts; but, beyond the fact of proving a continuous existence beyond death's portal, of what value is Spiritualism? I had an idea that the Christian religion was the best thing in the world, when properly understood and put into practice, although there was a great diversity of opinions as to its meaning. And I inquired of these folks if they had a formula of principles or doctrines; and if it was as good or better than the Christian religion? Do Spiritualists teach any system of philosophy or religion?

I got no satisfactory information on these points; but as I was about to return homeward, they gave me a book to read. It was by D. D. Home, giving a narrative of his seances in Europe among the royalty and the great people. Marvelous things here, I thought. But the book was not what I wanted, for it gave no light on the information I was in quest of; and before I read it half through, laid it aside and turned my thoughts into other channels.

I gave the subject no more serious attention until the summer of 1855, when a man by the name of Vought came to our village to give a course of lectures on Pirenology, which he did well. He remained there more than a month, and I was associated with him, got acquainted, and will say he was certainly one of the best men I have ever known this side of Jordan.

One Sunday morning I went to his room for a chat, when he handed me a book, with two places marked for me to read. I did so, and he asked me what I thought of it. I replied that I thought it was very good, if true; and I asked him if it was true.

"Yes," said he, "it is all true."

I found that the work contained the philosophy of Spiritualism—that which my heart craved, my spiritual nature demanded.

The book was an old ragged volume, a part of which had been torn away, and the title, "Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated, by Robert Hare," I learned that my nearest neighbor was the owner of this volume, and I got his permission to read it, and became so intensely interested that I read it two or three months before I got enough of it. My happiness rose to a height or degree that was sublime and ineffable. My eyes were opened to the beauty and grandeur of the philosophy of life beyond death. I found here what I sought, and found enough to satisfy my yearning spirit for a time, for light and knowledge; and I indulged the fancy that I was, in those days, the happiest mortal on earth. I believe the veritable spirit, Robert Hare, was by my side, a living witness to the effect of that worn and ragged old volume on this mortal mind.

He has done the world a lasting service, and left the impress of his character on the world, a living monument that will stand when memories shall have crumbled to dust. He was wiser than his time, yet he left a footprint that time has seen, has heard and comprehended. Great people, in the true sense of greatness, do their work and leave the work to tell the story of their greatness. The world has thought too much of names and too little of principles. It has worshipped heroes and forgotten the heroism.

I found something in Spiritualism really valuable, tangible and practical—something superior to orthodox theology, ecclesiasticism, Catholicism and every other phase of the Christian religion, which is much mixed. Spiritualism gives an answer to every question that pertains to future happiness or misery, joy or sorrow. Its mission is to demonstrate to the world the power of the truth and show a higher and broader mode of life in the physical and spiritual departments of our being.

The church claims that we live after the death of the body, and we must believe it, but one must not come back from the dead to prove it. Oh, no! that would be the work of the devil. Some people in the world believe in immortality without any proof whatever, while they regard Spiritualism as a foolish set, because they believe in it by absolute demonstration, by undeniable facts and tangible proofs.

Modern Spiritualism comes as a fact, verifiable by scientific methods. It presents a sensational phenomena with an accompanying philosophy, whose general teachings have never been equalled in beauty and morality, in space and comfort to the sorrowing ones of earth.

The philosophy of spirit intercourse sheds a mellow light over human history and human science; and teaches where to look for well springs of invention and progress; and it reconciles us to the hard ministry of sin and sorrow, of ignorance and suffering. The clear summer day of Spiritualism is around you, and its light flows into many a home made desolate, into many a heart worn in the struggle of life, and it shines across their path as they go on their journey.

The value of Spiritualism over all other religions is, that when you make a statement of a theory, you are able to demonstrate it by the production of a fact. Intelligent Spiritualism belongs to the world of thought, the world of action and the world of truth. We see no limit to it, whatever; but see in it the great comprehensive power of the entire truth, which, like the heaven above you, bends over all the world and holds within its loving arms every human soul.

As rapidly as any work of progress can be accelerated, Spiritualism is moving to-day. If the way is not prepared in your own lives, that light will wait outside until you are ready for it. The present is the time in which we are to grow, to learn, to aspire, and to make effort for useful work. We look forward to the future and ask what are to be its revelations and accomplishments. Let us each one answer that question by making the most of the

present, and so help on the time when life shall prove pleasant and happy to all.

The light will surely dawn to every one in time. We see it now in the distance as the sun sends its conquering rays above the horizon, preceded by the sun of truth in its radiant beauty and grandeur. The morning sky is already illumined with the blessed light that is to shed its vivifying and beautifying influence into the souls of human beings, yearning for a higher revelation and faster hopes to lead them onward. The firmament is now bedecked with gems of thought, advanced and new, and but waiting to descend on those who seek to know their meaning. They are messages of that bright day now breaking in upon us, and soon the gloom will pass to be forever gone.

Spiritualism has no leader on the earth plane to direct its movements, though it has innumerable leaders who are the angels, standing on the other shore of life, yet very near to mortals; not far away, yet out of sight. The cause is not controlled by mortals, but by spirits. It is not possible for anybody to matter what his pretensions may be, to inflict permanent harm on the cause, for its work can be neither stopped nor hindered except by the spirit world. It was not founded on human agency, except as these were used by spirits. By a multitude of living witnesses the truth has been established beyond the reach of harm.

Looking forward into the future, there is much to encourage us. We see the time in the future when Spiritualism will be a matter of head and heart, a matter of mind and intelligence, a something that can be demonstrated, and something that can comfort, not just a few, but the multitude. It is piercing the walls of all the churches to-day, reaching across rivers and oceans, it is spanning continents, and when people learn it is true, it will become the one grand religion—a religion that wakes and rouses you and constantly brings new truth.

This tidal wave of spirit force has swept over the earth, until almost every nation has heard the message in its own tongue, the unfolding of thought in various ways; until it has found a response in millions of minds, that have echoed back these sentiments, that have been found to meet their wants.

THE INTERPOSITION OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

We have concluded to give your patrons a mystery for wiser heads to solve. Many would not believe, or acknowledge, since Bible times, that angels are still our assistants, or servants; at times subject to mundane will-force. We have no right to expell the guardianship of angels, when we voluntarily place ourselves in needless positions to excite the wondering crowd of earthly spectators. Surely, faith or belief, doubt or disbelief, cannot control knowledge or truth. Truth is as eternal as the living natural law of the universal deity.

It is a question of many Christians whether ministering angels are, at times, subject to the influence and desires of spirits in the body, or can and do come and control the will, mind or mechanism of mortals. We are now going to call your attention to certain facts which are to follow, that once happened between ourselves and a President of the United States of America, (one who has really exercised moral authority and will force over millions of American citizens), and at a time when the powers of the spirit led him as a child. All of which occurred at the popular season when the fashionable and rich rush into Saratoga to sip its sparkling, healing waters, and mingle with crowds and form many pleasing attractions. While General Grant's headquarters were located at Congress Hall, this gay town was under a whirl of excitement. Fast men at the cards, fast horses on the turf, fast women—elegant floats around them as they gracefully move up and down the broad aisles and shady walks.

It was at this period, on Friday, July 17, 1874, that we happened to be counted in among the thousands at this leading summer resort, the emporium of fashion. One morning a report reached us that the President was to hold a public reception at his quarters, Congress Hall. Never having had the pleasure of meeting, seeing or the shake of his hand, took an early departure to see this American conqueror and suite at the house named, but was disappointed to learn that the reception was closed before the dinner hour. We met not saw anyone, in doors or out, whom we could call by name or recognize as having seen before among the throngs covering the piazzas and balconies en route or at Congress Hall. All the stands near the leading mineral waters were fully occupied, sitting and standing, with representatives from the world over, while the broad avenue, for a long distance, was completely jammed full of stately carriages, elegant matched horses with gold and silver coverings. In fact, all around order and harmony prevailed. The grave and the gay remained as silent as a representative moonlight scene, shedding down its pale light on the banks of some mystic river. Previous to all this, a gentle

maiden lady, Miss Elizabeth G. Wing, formerly well known among the Boston Presbyterians, having long served there as a missionary worker, who seemed quite as anxious and willing to meet the "Lion of Judah" as ourselves, and so arranged that we proceed in company.

To prepare your tolerant readers for what is to follow, will state that Miss Wing, alias "Mme. Omebee" relates that she was developed to mediumship while remaining in the church. Her religious sisters and brothers discovered how the lady was endowed with special gifts, and had during three years in Boston, cultivated this power in frequent "communion with the saints," even before the outside world discovered the hidden manna so freely showered down.

To proceed: before our arrival at Congress Hall we learned that this public reception had already passed, and now the hour for dinner had come. So myself and friend agreed upon holding seats, even in an overcrowded hallway, leading from the corridor into the street. There, soon after, all settled side by side on the south of the passage, it occurred to me under the circumstances, and being a witness as well, how Miss Wing often sent her controlling guide, an Indian maiden, "Wild Flower," on errands, sometimes influencing strangers, describing and bringing them in, near the time of their coming. This at first quite surprised us, although I had recognized the philosophy that "spirits at times were subject unto mortals" to day as of yore. Thereupon I suggested that my friend send up Wild Flower and bring the President down to us. "Very well," comes an answer, with a peculiar look on her head the next moment says "the order had been given and her messenger had left," and upon her return reports: "The President and family have just finished their meal in a private apartment; the General was just then lighting his cigar." Continuing, "should you remain here only fifteen minutes I will fetch him down."

Not more than one half this time had passed before Mrs. Grant, accompanied by two of her children, passed down the stairway; one modest bow and a slight touch of my beaver were readily reciprocated with a smile as they went into the street to take a coach, counting fourteen minutes before we set our eyes upon General Grant. It was gratifying to see this hero descending with uncovered head, in a stooping posture, very quietly, then after landing at our right, advancing forward along the opposite side from us, so that a surmise arose between us that we were slighted, but our fears soon vanished. Grant arriving directly opposite, within four yards, displayed a sort of military turn upon his heel, a quarter circle; under this sudden change of position, casting his eyes and moving toward us. Then arising before his honor, accepting his hand, we broke silence, firstly speaking: "Most honored sir, I am made exceedingly happy in this, our first greeting. My name is Jewett, Solomon W. Jewett, of Vermont; and will you please grant me the pleasure of introducing you to this lady, Miss Elizabeth G. Wing, of Boston."

All remained standing until the closing of customary salutations, seemingly enjoying the tete-a-tete some minutes in a friendly chat. Then the President, in military parlance, retired to his chamber on the same line of order as before the interview. But towards others in close proximity, made no remarks or paid any attention to their gaze. Silently, many simply questioned how all this could have happened as no person had passed up Congress Hall stairway after we took possession, before Grant.

Note—"There have been incidents of a peculiar nature which, might, to many, appear equal, or in fact, more remarkable than this one, noted among others in our books. Many spirits of departed Presidents have returned and signified their presence and good will toward this, your humble correspondent. Among them comes Ulysses S. Grant, with a greeting, written on parchment while I was holding it closely in my own hand, in a partially lighted room. The hand was seen by others. Yes, many ancient and modern, once residents of this world, noted for their valor and good deeds, have left us a token; so we have not the slightest reason to doubt of the interposition of spirits, out of the body as well as in.

Respectfully,
SOLOMON W. JEWETT.

Written For The Better Way.
WHO HAS AIDED IN THE PROMULGATION OF SPIRITUALISM?

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

There is much boasting of the wonderful spread of Spiritualism, which, within the memory of those not aged, has made itself felt as a mighty power in breaking down the repulsive barriers of superstition, and making the bleak desert of old beliefs blossom with the flowers of immortal beauty. Millions have rejoiced at the certain knowledge it has brought them, and ceased their weeping over the cold graves of loved ones, when they know that on the other side those cherished spirits lived and loved.

There truly has been a wonderful change. Light has flashed athwart the darkness; the old beliefs and dogmas and creeds have been shaken to their fall; new ideas have come to the minds of men; a great revolution is taking place by the apparent processes of normal growth, the profound depth and universal extent of which only observant thinkers perceive. Who has aided in this mighty work? We believe that the primary force has come from the angel world which has surged through the minds of men and forced them into activity; beyond that there has been no organized effort worthy of the name. The wealthy and influential, when they have become convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, have, as a rule, kept on their way, and in the manner of their lives and disposition of their wealth, given no sign that they thought their new belief had any claim on them. While church members, they freely gave to every demand of their church; for buildings, salaries, missionaries, book funds and to support their denom-

inational paper; often a good round tithe of all their income. When they became Spiritualists they rejoiced as much that they were not compelled to pay these demands, as in their broader belief, instead of contributing to the erection of an edifice which will compare favorably with the religious sects, they either refuse altogether and stand aloof from the meetings, or with such meagreness that a second or third class hall is engaged, up several flights of narrow stairways, where, in case of fire, the only consolation to the audience would be, that, according to their belief, the burning in this life would not be prolonged in the next. As church members they paid hundreds of dollars salary to the minister; now a few dollars for the services of a test medium. Then they went deeply into their pockets for the endowment of the sectarian papers, now to subscribe a paltry dollar or two for a spiritual journal, they call giving it their patronage! There are notable exceptions, but those who have become well acquainted with the personnel of the movement will not, I feel assured, disagree with me, that the picture is overdrawn.

We read in almost every daily paper of legacies, of ten or a hundred thousand dollars given to this or that church, to be used for the extension of the doctrines accepted by the giver. We read of millions given yearly for missionary purposes. When and where do we read of such gifts by Spiritualists for the extension or support of their belief? They speak of that belief as priceless, and are eager to convert the world, and yet what do they do toward the accomplishment of this desired end?

It must be confessed by those who have been acquainted with the movement for the past forty years, that since its beginning it has been championed by those who in a worldly sense could least afford to do so. The journals devoted to its elucidation and extension have not been published by the wealthy, but by those who have been compelled to sacrifice ease, comfort and almost life itself to maintain them. Take as illustration the oldest of these, The Banner of Light, and the story of the sacrifices its founders were called on to make, would read much more like fiction than truth. It never had an endowment fund like most denominational papers, but forced on its proprietors the herculean task of maintaining it against the sneers and jeers of the sectarian world, and all the other journals have had a similar experience. The majority of these have, after a brief existence, been forced to succumb. Their originators began with the best intentions, and were enthusiastic in their efforts to give the world the new light which blazed in their souls, but their spiritual zeal was greater than their pecuniary strength, and no one of the many wealthy Spiritualists who repeatedly claimed that their new belief was all the world to them, came forward to shoulder a little of their burden; after a vain struggle, they were forced to abandon their efforts.

The spiritual press is the great power of the movement. Without it the cause would sink into obscurity. In the absence of organization it is the medium of intercommunication and cohesion. It is the bond which unites all readers from ocean to ocean, and even it may be said of the world. It may test the strength of purpose of the editors of such papers to force them to toll from year to year without respite, glad if at each New Year's Day they have not retrograded; but the greatest good can not be expected under such pressure. The journals must be held at higher price, and there can be no free circulation, such as denominational papers maintain. For the want of a few hundred or thousand dollars, which, were they sectarian, they would have only to ask for to receive, these journals cannot engage in missionary work by free circulation; a method which has proved most effective with reading people. Zealous and self-sacrificing as their proprietors may be, they are handicapped for want of the funds, which are so freely bestowed on denominational papers.

I do not make this criticism to attach blame to any one. Spiritualists, as I have met them, have been most generous and appreciative; but all will agree with me that there is a lack of attention, or, perhaps, thoughtlessness, of the great consequences of neglecting to do the thing which of all others ought to be done. I would put this question to any one who feels that these words are personal in their application: What use can you devote money to which will yield you a richer spiritual harvest and become a more lasting monument to your benevolence than assisting the spiritual press? I have in mind a prominent Spiritualist to whom the belief was the bread and wine of life, who died, leaving his vast wealth, by will, in such a manner that in the end it would all fall into the hands of the Catholic Church! I think he now must feel poignant regret at his oversight. If a half of his wealth would have endowed a publishing house like that of the Swedenborgians, which can furnish all books at cost, and circulate millions of pages for the taking, think of the mighty influence such a publishing

house would exert, and that of a journal which would be able to communicate the best talent and a world wide circulation! And there is another consideration of almost equal importance, rarity and imperfection of manifestations is complained of, we consider the obstacles to be overcome by being on one plane of communication with those on another, we do not wonder that there are imperfections, but that there are communications at all!

Look at the methods pursued, individual finds that he is isolated, and can receive communications some of the various phases of mediumship. He is at once sought after, usually having no other means of support, is compelled to exert a feeble energy with it the necessity of at all times and for all corners, and the result is an exceedingly unreliable condition as to time and place, and as the demand is constant, the strongest pressure brought to bear to supplement the manifestations, when they do not take place by the usual practices. In any case such a gift and absolutely anti-social, a pursuit and highest development, and this is quiet, freedom from exaltation from the eagerness of the demanding manifestations. Examine this of the inspirational and speaker.

Of the latter it is often said they appoint expectancies, and at times below the mediocrity of normal man. Why? They are in a measure. The audience rarely thinks enough to take the blame on itself, a speaker to stand before an audience for an hour, and speak by pure intuition, demands a rare degree of self-reliance. Being thus a selfish individual, he is equally so to his surroundings. There is the narrow sphere of the audience, and that of place, partaking of all the influences previously existing there. Now, the place of meeting is a narrow one, where political gatherings are in ward caucuses, tramping camps, shows, public dances, etc., what is the concentrated influence of all these on the sensitive speaker? The audience itself must, to a great extent, feel the same, and respond by a lack of earnestness, and what will call for want of a better devotion for the truth.

With all their boasted knowledge Spiritualists may learn a valuable lesson from the sects, who build churches and devote them to a use more than that of worship. Their walls become saturated with the spirit which reacts on each occasion of heaven.

What would be the result if each should be devoted exclusively to the promulgation of Spiritualism, in a manner thus hinted at? It is not futile to look for the highest result from speakers in halls devoted to purposes, but their burden is heavier by their careless literature and consequent subtraction to organized, and antagonistic influences, have no strong social support, such years of labor bring around the altar of the gospel. With them the relation is changing and fleeting; their inspiration is dissipated. A few are so organized that they overcome these adverse conditions, maintain their standard, but the majority, after a brief trial, fail, and must ask with a deep interest what glorious achievement would have been right of the successful had they been forced to take the race but weighted over a track obstructed by hurdles! And the inspirational effort for the spiritual press: they too are consumed for want of clearness of style. Let it be remembered that too often their writing is the result of personal sacrifice. In only rare instances is the knowledge that it may help a struggling soul to the light. Such a thing is often executed under conditions where most literary persons would deem it impossible to think or write. The medium has lived the long weary day; at night feels the temptation, and, instead of retiring to rest, writes the thoughts that burden his mind. He is rewarded by the personal joy of the moment, as impelled by a superior power, he lives the higher life. It is such a brief, heavy cross, and many have broken uncomplainingly, matching on to the beautiful dawn which abandons them for the good of others.

We need not say that the endowment of a great publishing house, means directly the endowment of those who write for it and of speakers also.

There is another opportunity of work, which now that we are so free and efficient, might be made of calculable service. The secular press is so far liberalized, or perhaps it is better to say that the popular demand is strongly made and felt, that most leading journals will publish timely news on Spiritualism and related subjects when supplied to them. A publishing friend might with propriety supply such papers with desirable news, thereby reaching a class of readers not otherwise accessible.

Whether the present methods of organization, but individual action, are not dependent or censurable, the sky is bright and the day is before us, and the forces of the spirit world are active, but if there were no operation on this side, if the means were furnished by those who surely will regret the opportunity lost, the mind could idealize the full measure of the reality.

Why, D. Jones, what makes you so extremely happy? The last time you saw you were about to commit suicide because Miss Filkins kicked you!

Why, D. Smith, I just saw old Ned who married her, flying out of front door, huffing, and she after him with a broomstick, and I am so glad wasn't it?

Behnroper says: "Autobiography ought never to contain the unpleasant self. It looks too much like conceit."

NEW WORLDS FROM THE FRAGMENTS OF AN OLD ONE.
BY J. VINCENT TAYLOR.

The extracts in the preceding article are correct commentaries on what is seen and known, applicable alike to the past, present, and possible future of human intelligence, passing onward to a state of universal, celestial intelligence—being possible in the present duration of the globe, (which is an acknowledged atom of the sublime eternal areas above, beyond, and around it. These are dotted with other material worlds full of tone, beauty, and splendor, not unequal, though sometimes grander, than our own. May not the same or similar laws have obtained in a former duration of time, full of beings endowed with a beauty and grandeur surpassing, perhaps, that which is now enjoyed? This seems especially likely when we remember that old worlds, as well as new ones, can be traced as being recalled back to light, after seeming obliteration from space and time, as has been demonstrated in the discovery of the asteroid named Vesta, Juno, Ceres, and Pallas? The celebrated Bode, and others of his school, formed opinions that the bulk of worlds had something to do with the distance they occupied from each other; but when they came to consider the relative positions and bulk between Mars and Jupiter, they found that a difficulty existed in proving the correctness of their theory, which embraced the idea that the diameter of one world would be proportionally smaller than another in the same system, as they ranged in juxtaposition. Hence Venus, nearer the Sun than the Earth, is smaller, and the distance of the Globe from the Sun is three times greater than that of Venus, which is one-third the size of the Earth. Of course, when they came to measure the distance and the bulk of Mars and Jupiter they were perplexed, but only for a time. They went to work to discover if there was not a planet, or planets between them, when the asteroids were soon made known to the astronomers of the world by men at dates as follows:

Ceres, January 1, 1801, by Piazzi, of Palermo.
Pallas, March 28, 1802, by Olbers, of Bremen.
Juno, September 1, 1804, by Harding, of Bremen.
Vesta, March 29, 1807, by Olbers, of Bremen.

Thus the want of a missing world was supplied, occupying a part of space where a previous vacancy had seemingly upset the correctness of a theory found accurate in all other geometrical calculations. Such is their proximity to each other, and the singularity of their orbits,—each crossing the paths of the others at different times, that even now, it is supposed that two of them must sooner or later again come into collision.

In recording the facts of each discovery, Burret, Dick, and others recited the following:

"The orbit of Vesta is so eccentric, that she is sometimes farther from the Sun than either Ceres, Pallas, or Juno, although her mean distance is many millions of miles less than theirs. The orbit of Vesta crosses the orbits of all the other three, at two opposite points.

"Juno, the next planetoid in order after Vesta, revolves round the Sun in four years, four and one-half months, at the mean distance of 254 millions of miles, moving in her orbit at the rate of forty-one thousand miles an hour. Her diameter is estimated at 1393 miles. This would make her magnitude 183 times less than the Earth's. The light and heat which she receives from the Sun is seven times less than that received by the Earth.

"Ceres, the planetoid next in order after Juno, revolves about the Sun in four years, seven and one-third months, at the mean distance of 263 and 1-2 millions of miles, moving in her orbit at the rate of forty-one thousand miles an hour. Her diameter is estimated at 1532 miles which makes her magnitude 125 times less than the Earth's. The intensity of the light and heat which she receives from the Sun, is about seven and one-half times less than that received by the Earth.

"Pallas, the next planetoid in order after Ceres, performs her revolution round the Sun in four years, seven and two-third months, at the mean distance of 264 millions of miles, moving in her orbit at the rate of forty-one thousand miles an hour. Her diameter is estimated at 2025 miles, which is but little less than that of our Moon. It is a singular and very remarkable phenomena in the Solar System, that two planetoids, (Ceres and Pallas) nearly of the same size, should be situated at equal distance from the Sun, revolve about him in the same period, and in orbits that intersect each other. The difference in the respective distances of Ceres and Pallas is less than a million of miles.

From these and other circumstances, many eminent astronomers are of the opinion that these four planetoids are the fragments of a larger celestial body which once revolved between Mars and Jupiter, and which burst asunder by some tremendous convulsion, or some external violence. The discovery of Ceres by Piazzi, on the first day of the present century, drew the attention of all the astronomers of the age to that region of the sky, and every inch of it was minutely explored. The consequence was, that in the year following, Dr. Olbers, of Bremen, announced to the world the discovery of Pallas, situated not many degrees from Ceres, and very much resembling it in size.

From this discovery, Dr. Olbers first conceived the idea that these bodies might be the fragments of a former world; and it so, that other portions of it might be found either in the same neighborhood, or

else having diverged from the same point. "They ought to have two common points of reunion, or two nodes in opposite regions of the heavens through which all the planetary fragments must sooner or later pass."

One of these nodes is found to be in the constellation Virgo, and the opposite one in the Whale. It is a remarkable coincidence that it was in the neighborhood of the latter constellation that Mr. Harding discovered the planet Juno. In order, therefore, to detect the remaining fragments, if any existed, Dr. Olbers examined, three times every year, all the small stars in Virgo and the Whale; and it was in the constellation Virgo that he discovered the planet Vesta. Some astronomers think it not unlikely that other fragments of a similar description may hereafter be discovered.

Thus patient astronomy has established to its own satisfaction, and to ours, that new worlds may spring forth, or be recalled by the Creative mind from the fragments or chaos of old ones, for a time hidden away in the universe. If so, this is one more golden link in the chain of evidence we are forging in studying the anteriority of the Globe and former inhabitants which, as atoms situated in an eternal round of changes, must necessarily be, and have been, items of the same great eternity of transformation. This, because the Globe of a member (an insignificant one perhaps) of a sublime celestial family of worlds full of a diversity of intelligences peopling them, and all presided over, arranged, harmonized and adjusted by a Creative Universal Father, who has ever been, ever is, and will always be at work remodeling old systems, modeling new ones, and creating fresh germs of life and light among things liable to change and decay. This is what pure, incorruptible astronomy teaches us incidentally. Christianity teaches a God interested in the welfare of man's eternal future, without going into the universe to demonstrate His presence there. But astronomy, the fit companion of Christianity, after listening to the great story of universal love in Christ, patiently searched out, and now guides us into the eternal empire of God Himself, demonstrating that the system in which the globe exists, is but a very small province of the grand and mighty whole! Also, that if our terrestrial sphere of Sun, Moon, and planets were in a moment hurled back into chaos, it would scarcely be missed from the glorious empire of ten million other suns around which may revolve a million billion other worlds. Yes, mother Earth is an item in an arrangement of things wherein all space "seems to be illuminated, and every particle of light a world, or sun."—Esoteric.

RUDIMENTARY ORGANS.

One of the strongest confirmations of the Darwinian theory of descent is found in the existence of rudimentary organs in animals, which, while subserving no useful purpose, still exist as an inheritance from some lower form of life to which they were both useful and necessary.

One of the most familiar examples in the human body is that of the nails. These appendages are really of no particular use, and render no service in the struggle for existence. Artificial uses have been found for them, it is true; we could hardly open our pen-knives without their aid, but this is a case where their previous existence has suggested a subsequent use. The nails suggested the common type of knife blade, but they were certainly not developed through many generations of knife-opening beings, with the survival of those best fitted to open their knives with promptness in case of trouble. It is only when we look back among the lower animals, and see how important a part of their means of offense and defense their nails become, that we realize that our digital appendages are simply the use less degenerate forms of those which, in some very remote progenitor, were of the greatest importance to his comfort and safety.

The hair may be considered as another worthless inheritance of ours, and the occasional cases where it grows quite thickly upon the body as a partial reversion to some former type. It is a curious fact that it still grows luxuriantly upon the head, where it is of very little use, and its presence there is hard to be explained, except by considering it as an ornamental appendage, like the brilliant plumage of birds, thus bringing into play the principle of sexual selection. The fact that women rarely become bald adds weight to this supposition.

One of the most curious instances of a rudimentary organ is to be found in the *cæcum*, a portion of the intestines, which is in shape like a small pouch, attached to the alimentary canal. It subserves no use whatever in the human organism, and is, in fact, a source of danger, for, although the opening is closed by a wonderfully constructed valve, yet fatal accidents have occurred from foreign matters passing into it, and inducing inflammation and abscesses. If we examine the intestines of a herbivorous animal, such as an ox, we find the same *cæcum* present, but greatly enlarged, and usually filled with partly digested food. In these animals it is undoubtedly an important part of the digestive apparatus, but only survives in man as a useless and dangerous appendage.

Certain valves in the veins of man are very poorly adapted to support the blood pressure due to an upright position, and were probably first developed in some animal which walked upon all four limbs, and it has recently been discovered that the portal veins of newly born infants contain rudimentary valves, which soon disappear, but which are always present in some of the lower animals during their entire life.

Rudimentary organs are found in other animals as well as man. The clavicle, or collar-bone, of the cat is a small bone, apparently of little consequence, but in man it is a most important means of maintaining an outward position of the shoulder-joint, so as to allow the widest range of

motion to the limb. The "jerk claws" which hang down from the feet of deer, and the splint bones in a horse's leg, are well-marked survivals of a previously useful member.

The occasional occurrence of uncommon organs in the human body may rather be considered as cases of reversion to former types, than as direct survivals. The power possessed by certain persons of moving the ears and scalp, is in instances of this as well as the hairy men and women, and many other dime museum "freaks."

There are certain organs of which the use is still unknown, such as the supra-renal capsules or the prostate gland, which may or may not be survivals. It is more probable that they serve some unknown purpose in the human economy, especially as when attacked by disease they often produce severe constitutional disturbance.

The presence of rudimentary organs is, however, a settled fact, and is a strong argument against the distinct and separate origin of the different forms of life. It is impossible to think that the superfluous and dangerous *cæcum* would have been introduced into the human anatomy if man had come into existence independently of those forms in which it is an important organ, and it is a blighting conception of a Creator which regards him as forming his special creations in weak imitation of each other, and endowing them with useless organs and members, without regard to the varying conditions of their future environment. — Popular Science News.

Psychism.

"The Society for Psychical Research will probably take note of the case of the poor Steeple Jack, William Bishop, of Birmingham, whose wife beheld his tragic death in a dream on the night before the fatal occurrence. According to the widow's statement at the inquest, which there is no reason to doubt, it was on Tuesday night last, she dreamt that she had just taken to her husband his breakfast, and was engaged in watching him at his perilous work of repairing a chimney shaft at a great height, when she saw a hook come out of the brickwork of the chimney and the deceased fell. On waking, she told her husband the little story; and when he was going out to his labor the next morning, her last words were: 'Be careful, Bill; you know what I dreamt.' As a fact, the accident did not occur by the coming out of a hook, but by the accidental tipping up of a plank, by which Bishop was unhappily precipitated from a great height. The coincidence, however, is sufficiently remarkable to impress those who believe that dreams are not the mere *disjecta membra* of the day's thoughts and impressions. Yet, what more simple than Mrs. Bishop's dream? Antonio's friend confessed that had he a precious argosy at sea, he could not see 'the sandy hour-glass run,' but he would think of shallows and of flats." Well might William Bishop's loving wife in like manner brood upon the dangers of the steeple and the sky-pointing factory chimney shaft till her thickening fancies followed her into the mystic realm of sleep. The famous marvel of Maria Martin, and the 'murder in the old Red Barn,' which, after sixty years, is still referred to by Suffolk folk with breathless awe, is found on a careful examination of the evidence at the trial of Cordor to be susceptible of a like simple explanation."—London Telegraph.

An Old Norseman City.

Great interest was excited last November among archaeologists, by the announcement of Prof. Horsford, of a discovery of the site of the ancient and traditional city of Norumbega, which he claims was founded by the Northmen, about 1,000 A. D., or nearly five hundred years before the voyage of Columbus. The site claimed is near Watertown, Mass., a few miles west of Boston, in the valley of the Charles River. Prof. Horsford says there are relics of the Northmen on every square mile of the basin of the Charles. As evidence of this, he points to a canal wall on one side for a thousand feet along the west side of S ony Brook, and to the dry canal near Newtonville. He has found remains of canals, ditches, dells, boom dams, ponds, fish-pier, dwellings, walls, and amphitheaters. The evidence tending to prove the discovery and occupation of the region around Massachusetts Bay long before the date usually assigned to the discovery of this continent, is constantly growing stronger, and there seems to be little reason to doubt that the "Vinland" so well known to the Norse adventurers was a part of the country rediscovered in late centuries.

A Carnivorous Plant.

A remarkable plant has been under discussion at the London rooms of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was exhibited by Dr. Hooker who gave the inaugural address as president of the section of biology. The address was upon the subject of flesh eating plants, in the course of which Dr. Hooker explained and demonstrated by experiment some of the remarkable discoveries of the late Mr. Darwin. Among other botanical rarities he showed a plant called "Dionia," the leaves at that moment being wide open. A fly was captured and put upon one of the leaves. Instantly the plant closed like a thing possessing animal life. After a few moments the plant slowly opened and disclosed the fact that the fly had been completely dissolved—eaten, as it were. A bit of beef was afterwards consumed in the same way. Pieces of chalk and cheese were instantly rejected by the plant. Professor Huxley, who was present, said that these phenomena formed a wonderful problem, and that the plant certainly had a stomach and a nervous system of its own.—St. Louis Republic.

An officer in the Russian army has been cashiered for saving the life of a peasant woman, "and thereby lowering his standard as a gentleman."

Mrs. Britton defines Theosophy as a matter of opinion, while Spiritualism is a matter of fact.—Ex.

"Like Magic,"

THE effect produced by Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Coughs, Croup, and Sore Throat are, in most cases, immediately relieved by the use of this wonderful remedy. It strengthens the vocal organs, allays irritation, and prevents the inroads of Consumption; in every stage of that dread disease, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral relieves coughing and induces refreshing rest.

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CINCINNATI - - - - - MARCH 8, 1900
A. F. MEIKER - - - - - EDITOR

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A human phonograph: The brain.

Deception is best portrayed abroad.

Those who are too well known at home carry their news to a foreign port.

A fool always makes a better impression on paper than he does in person.

A man without authority cannot be expected to have much spirit or "backbone."

Wisdom comes rather too late to some people to be of any practical value to them in this life.

Charity is but a passive—a small virtue after all, as it requires but a silent tongue to exercise it.

Impressions of thoughts are retained on the brain like those of the voice on the tin foil of the phonograph.

Do good while it is in your power; for there may come a time when you will regret not having done so.

Our opinions carry conviction and mental force in comparison to our own purity in the motive of giving them.

It makes people often wonder to see the kind of home news that comes from abroad. It is only then they realize that lies travel very fast.

Spirit is the life principle of matter. Together they form God or nature—intelligence. Separated they constitute nothing. And as nothing does not exist, they cannot be separated.

Idea are the shapings of universal intelligence or spirit through the human soul—crooked or shapely according to the spiritual constitution of the man or woman who grinds them out.

The wisest may err; thus it is but a false sense of pride to withhold an acknowledgment of one's mistake for fear of criticism. One who will censure the penitent is too uncharitable to deserve the notice of good people.

That which is outside of nature is dead. But as soon as disintegration begins there is life anew and it (whatever the material) belongs once more to the domain of nature or life. And life is spirit, wherever manifest, whether in the so-called visible or invisible world.

It is almost, it may be said, the height of impudence, if not selfishness, to expect love, sympathy or praise from those for whom we have neither of the above named feelings ourselves. Do (good) unto others as you would have others do (good) unto you—even if a newspaper man.

"The greatest of these is, charity," saith the good book, referring to the human qualifications. But greater is sympathy, for it requires active will or soul force to exercise it, while charity may be exercised by simply holding one's tongue in abeyance—although this too requires a great effort on the part of some people.

People should not eat too much before going to a spiritual meeting of any kind, for the spiritualized atmosphere that pervades such a place, coming in contact with the sensual aura surrounding a stuffed mortal, causes a sort of revolution around the latter with ill effects to the body—resulting in nausea, oppressiveness, faints and often palpitation of the heart.

One might as well call a sensitive lazy because he cannot endure holding his hand in the fire as to call him lazy because he revolts against soliciting trade as a drummer or commercial traveler does. It is simply impossible. The rebuffs which he meets and foreign influences with which he comes in contact in such journeys are almost as horrifying to bear as to expose one's raw flesh to the touch, at the same time having his vitality sapped by spirits attending the various classes of mortals in these journeys, that soon lead him to an early grave. Sensitives need indoor work and must not come in contact with too many people in a business or a social relation if their usefulness as mediums is to be preserved or their health kept in tact for the benefit of their families or others dependent upon them for support.

It is a higher mission to instruct mediums and teach them the way to true spirituality than to test them and afterwards decry them because they have failed in consequence of a too rigid and unspiritual discipline. No man with any degree of sympathy can suffer a medium to be tested beyond reason. It is not only unspiritual but inhuman and degrading to the medium.

No party in power can legislate beyond the conscience of the people. Sunday laws can only be carried out so far as they touch the moral nature of the masses. The blue laws of Connecticut suited for the times they were made. Since then people have developed a higher sense of morality against which Sunday laws have a very insignificant bearing. The laws of to-day require a higher ethical tendency than merely to command.

Man's real love or sympathy is best tested in his household—among his own flock. If he is unkind or a tyrant there, he is not to be entrusted with power or authority of any kind outside. Such is near-sighted selfishness; for a man who cannot love his own family enough to treat them kindly, has no love, and therefore cannot expect to attract any from other quarters—either by patronage or otherwise. Nature punishes in that way.

We cannot touch upon human error without striking somebody—without touching some chord that vibrates in accord with the note struck. Psychometrists tell us only of our virtues, and leave us in the dark about our deficiencies—either for fear of losing patronage or of being doubted—and thus we are left to seek them ourselves. But it is the best in the end, for we cannot believe that we have any defects until we are made to see them ourselves by our spirit friends.

When we say trust to your spirit friends or follow impressions, we do not mean those impressions that are dictated by our own spirit and then psychologize ourselves into the belief that they came from spirits, or those impressions that are perverted by our own spirit in setting our minds against receiving anything that does not agree with our preconceived notions, wishes or desires. The purest or clearest spirit impressions are those that come to us in the moment of despair, so-to-say, or when we are perfectly resigned, mentally or spiritually passive, make no pretensions of knowing anything and then plead for light. What would a school-boy learn who knows (?) more than his teacher or dears to hear the truth told?

THE CONFESSION OF FAITH.

The following passages occur in the Presbyterian confession of faith:

"By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and some angels are predestinated to everlasting life, and others are foreordained to everlasting death."

"These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained, are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

THE BLAIR BILL.

Referring to the Blair Sunday bill now pending in Congress, the Litchfield (Minn.) Independent says:

"We have no hesitancy in giving our opinion that such legislation would be an act of bigotry not worthy this day and age. Let the government keep its hands off from any interference with the religious conduct of the people so long as the rights of others are not concerned. If the stability of the Christian religion now dominant in this country depends on any bolstering acts like the Blair bill, better let the structure topple at once."

WHAT IS SPIRITUALISM?

Some of our more conservative readers seem to take exception from some of our radical contributors as not being consistent with the editorial department of THE BETTER WAY. We are sorry that they should, and our only excuse is that we are compelled to submit to much that we dislike, as nearly everybody has to do in this life and especially in business matters, to secure patronage enough to uphold their enterprise. And yet why should they dissent? Does not Spiritualism embrace all that is truth? And are there not many classes of thinkers in Spiritualism—all craving for something to gratify their especial taste? Why should we deny one class a hearing and not another? Shall Spiritualism be narrowed down to a limited range of thought? We have taken a conservative course as the best under the circumstances—a medium between the two extremes, and upon analysis, it will be noticed, that most of our contributors are following our course, and others will probably follow; and as we know some have already done—both by request and by rejecting their too extreme views. Let us be liberal while holding to our own principles in the hopes that others will reach the same central current by our example.

Adversity is the trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—Friedling.

A poor man watched a thousand years before the gate of paradise; then, while he snatched one little nap, it opened and shut.—From the Persian.

When the blind man, after an invitation from a friend to pay him a visit, said, "Yes, I will come around to see you as soon as possible," was he speaking paradoxically?—s.

WHAT IS LIBERALITY?

Narrow-minded and unliberal people can see no medium way in any course—they are called Liberals, Agnostics, Spiritualists or Christians. Some Liberals are so very liberal that they will not allow others to think as they please—except it happens to be just of their mode of thinking. Some jump to conclusions that we must be of the opposite stamp because we cannot agree with them in everything they say or do. Because we will not advocate or publish a certain kind of free thought, we are put down as an apostle of Comstock. Because we do not think it right or just to condemn defenseless mediums, does not make a man a fool. Because we do not positively know of God, is no reason why we should be totally ignorant of other things spiritual. Because we are not a Christian it is not said that we are an infidel, or an atheist, or an agnostic, or a heathen; or going to hell because we do not believe in Jesus. Well, that is the kind of Liberals we have too. It is not only the Christian who is bigotted; but the very free thinker or progressivist, as he is wont to call himself, and many Spiritualists included, are just as unliberal as they possibly can be. You dare not differ from them in opinion, or have a theory of your own, or believe in Theosophy or reincarnation, without incurring their displeasure, or have them smile on you with either pity or stupid arrogance as if they were so much wiser than you or superior in wisdom, culture and spiritual unfoldment.

Liberality may be practiced in conjunction with the most bigotted religion, and it elevates the one in question far above the most liberal thinker if he is unliberal toward the ignorant because he is ignorant. Liberality is an emotion arising from love for humanity, and the one who has this, has more than the most advanced free thinker without it. Let a man be what he will, or believe what he likes; if he has the milk of human kindness in his heart, he stands above all; for he is nearest akin to the angel world—to God or spiritual nature.

WHO SHOULD RULE THE STATE OR COUNTRY?

The peculiarity of the two parties in power at present is that one believes the other entitled to no privileges or rights of citizenship, and when one imitates the other in political trickery an indignation is manifested on the opposing side that is curious to behold, both forgetting in their moment of political indignation that they have been guilty of the same thing. But in a political body the spirit feels just as sensitive as in a physical body, and when its evils are committed by others, they have an awful bad appearance. And instead of looking after the country's welfare they keep up a sort of political "gerrymandering" which is more apt to slice themselves up in the end than to keep their opponents out of office.

There is no better way of getting rid of a bad law than to have it enforced. So we may get rid of a corrupt party politic. Let them have full sway to the disgust of well meaning citizens. The two parties in power have had ample opportunity to better themselves, but have degenerated instead. All the good that was in them has been done. Now it is a mere matter of contention as to whom belong the spoils. The people's pocket constitute the spoils. The creation of offices to accommodate influential wire-pullers, and high salaries voted to many that will give them a sustenance for a generation after the expiration of their terms, is part of the scheme to be carried out during the short time that they are in power. To this and other corrupt measures honest citizens have to submit, and which money might remain in the pockets of the people if we had a better and a more economical government. Times will remain hard as long as this state of affairs is permitted to continue. The people are stinting themselves in every way to support a set of money grabbing politicians and before long their property will be sold for taxes. Once in the hands of the government there is still less hope of depositing political rule, for in comparison to the amount of the people's property owned by the state the stronger the political influence of those in the ring. Prosperity goes hand in hand with good government. Business failures, strikes, increased assessments, high prices for the necessities of life are an accompaniment of bad government, and that we are beginning to have now in all its unsightly and varied modifications. The word reform has been so often misused, misapplied and perverted for selfish purposes that it simply brings forth a shrug or a sneer when mentioned, thus having no more effect on the people than to tell them that the end of the world is fixed for a certain date. Something else is needed to rouse them from their indifference, or ignorance perhaps, of the true status. If there was a question of principles involved in the present political arena, there might be some reasons for holding on to their respective parties, but there is not. Both have almost the same platform, and thus the honest elements of both parties might as well form an alliance to oust the politicians and take the government reins in hand themselves. We have become united at last and are stronger than ever as a people, and need only get rid of the corrupt political element that is at present holding sway in order to rise again to prosperity and peace.

Mediumship in city and country. Why do mediums huddle mostly in cities is a question that has suggested itself of late.

Mediums are sensitive—spiritually sensitive, and due to the fact that their spiritual or soul senses are beginning to manifest themselves prior to reaching the purely spiritual state or that condition of man assumed by the change called death.

Materially speaking mediumship is an abnormal condition of the being—supernatural in this sense, but supramundane in the strictly spiritual sense, for in the spiritual science nothing is regarded as above nature. All is natural.

Human centralization is an effect of spiritual unfoldment. City life is this effect manifested on a large scale. As man rises above the material he feels a natural desire to draw closer together—to form communities. In other words, as the godhood comes to the surface, harmony becomes a fact. Spirituality or love leads to a natural organization of men and women. The same law (if such it may be called) operates for the benefits of sects or religions as it does for communities or the masses in general—Spiritualism not excepted. Love is the incentive; but love may be measured, and the higher the spiritual unfoldment of the individuals contemplating organization the more love, or a higher degree of it, is necessary to effect an organization.

Accompanying this higher development of man is an aura, or spiritual atmosphere surrounding the individual. This needs a material atmosphere which is somewhat of its own nature or in harmony with itself. A collection of human beings create it. Mediums are of this class the most advanced, and consequently the most sensitive and all the more in need of a spiritualized atmosphere. This can only be found in cities—the larger the better—with but few exceptions in the country. Thus their natural attraction for cities, and where mediumship naturally thrives the best, because the conditions there are the best for the practice of their gifts and more in harmony with their own nature—like attracting like.

Please remit.

"IS SPIRIT MATTER?"

In his ordinary reasoning on life the Spiritualist naturally acknowledges the existence of a God. He condemns Materialism because it begins to build on matter, or evolves intelligence out of matter. In place of this, the Spiritualist claims that matter cannot unfold without the aid of spirit or intelligence, thus acknowledging a universal intelligence or a force that is intelligent behind, beyond or in connection with matter. What grander conception of a God can there be? An omniscient, omnibenevolent and omnipotent something! If intelligent, it certainly must be more intelligent than man is. And if everywhere and all powerful why should there not be efficacy in prayer—an intelligent appeal of an individualized soul to the universal soul? That it pervades all matter cannot be doubted if we but note the effects around us. But we call it nature—meaning the combination, or matter with life in it. And that it is never separated may be inferred from the fact that many illumined (clairvoyant) minds cannot conceive of a difference between spirit and matter, or note any demarcation in them. Probably one without the other does not or can not exist. If true, we cannot reasonably discuss the subject of spirit and matter, but should give the combination another name. Nature is good enough as a term, and would put aside all such questions as "Is spirit matter?" or "Is matter spirit?"

Early intuition saw the motive power in nature and called it God. It is still extant, but has been personified—first as one being, then as a trinity. Unitarianism was the step towards the primitive intuition—though never fully comprehended by either. Materialism came nearer to it when it attributed all phenomena to nature. Now Spiritualism comes and sets Materialism right—about it by making nature intelligent. Such must be correct if the proposition, that effects partake of the nature of their causes, be correct. And reason tells us that it is because it can be proved. Thus nature is God, and spirit and matter the attributes merely, or the composition that makes up a God, as man is a composition of spirit and matter. Death does not release man from the material. There are higher forms of matter than what we can note with our gross senses; and however elevated man may become there is no reason why he should ever exist disconnected from some form of matter—in fact it cannot be otherwise; for if nature constitutes life, the effects (spirits) must be analogous to it—a combination of the two so called entities, or properly speaking, attributes of God or nature.

We may regard them as the positive and negative states necessary to constitute life, if we choose; but this is not important in the discussion, and of no consequence in a friendly debate. Foreign hypotheses are only needed when two sides are endeavoring to obfuscate each other, or when neither of them know anything absolutely about the subject under discussion. The simplest is the most comprehensible and gratifying, and there can be no simpler definition of God or life (spirit and matter) than nature as she lies before us. And still nearer do we come to a comprehension of the whole arcanum when we study self. Therein lies the knowledge of the philosophy and science of life; and the more we know of self the less we care to know about that which lies without; for within man is the God, the spirit and matter, that all are intuitively seeking to know or understand.

MEDIUMSHIP IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

Why do mediums huddle mostly in cities is a question that has suggested itself of late.

Mediums are sensitive—spiritually sensitive, and due to the fact that their spiritual or soul senses are beginning to manifest themselves prior to reaching the purely spiritual state or that condition of man assumed by the change called death.

Materially speaking mediumship is an abnormal condition of the being—supernatural in this sense, but supramundane in the strictly spiritual sense, for in the spiritual science nothing is regarded as above nature. All is natural.

Human centralization is an effect of spiritual unfoldment. City life is this effect manifested on a large scale. As man rises above the material he feels a natural desire to draw closer together—to form communities. In other words, as the godhood comes to the surface, harmony becomes a fact. Spirituality or love leads to a natural organization of men and women. The same law (if such it may be called) operates for the benefits of sects or religions as it does for communities or the masses in general—Spiritualism not excepted. Love is the incentive; but love may be measured, and the higher the spiritual unfoldment of the individuals contemplating organization the more love, or a higher degree of it, is necessary to effect an organization.

Accompanying this higher development of man is an aura, or spiritual atmosphere surrounding the individual. This needs a material atmosphere which is somewhat of its own nature or in harmony with itself. A collection of human beings create it. Mediums are of this class the most advanced, and consequently the most sensitive and all the more in need of a spiritualized atmosphere. This can only be found in cities—the larger the better—with but few exceptions in the country. Thus their natural attraction for cities, and where mediumship naturally thrives the best, because the conditions there are the best for the practice of their gifts and more in harmony with their own nature—like attracting like.

ARE MEDIUMS GODS?

Some of our good Spiritualists are troubled with the same unfortunate weakness that many of the orthodox brethren are; viz: to fall in love with their ministers, their spiritual advisers, their mediums, and make Gods of them, thus becoming so infatuated with them as to forget that they are human and subject to error as well as other humanity is. In this state of waking blindness they will not accept evidence contrary to their settled opinions of the man or woman in question, and even impose their recommendations on those who think otherwise or whom circumstances require to remain neutral—notably newspapers. Charity is a noble trait of character, but it should not be exercised selfishly or arrogantly in forcing others, under the threat of a boycott, to believe as they do. If you love your medium, keep that to yourself. You may have personal reasons for so doing. A mother still loves her son though condemned to be executed for murder. But because she still loves him, does not make him any less a murderer. So you may continue to love the medium through whom you received gratifying spirit messages—though that medium has become a fraud, an imposter, a deceiver. But in that case, love him or her yourself and do not ask others to assist you. It is well that the fallen should have some consolers left, for it aids them to rise again, while without this opportunity many a life would go out in a deplorable state indeed. A reformed mortal makes a reformed spirit, and as we have to deal mainly with the latter, it is to our interest to have mediums in good shape on the other side as well as on this. Thus we are not objecting to people loving, or even becoming infatuated with their mediums, only we would advise that it be done rationally and not expect other people to think as they do, because they say so. Your medium is not the best. They are all good, if they can only meet the wants of but few inquirers or investigators. Some are unfortunately constituted to be only able to give tests to the minority, while others can meet a very large demand. One spirit test proves the medium; but however grand, he or she is but mortal. Remember that.

Briefs and Personals.

The "grip" always follows a commercial traveler.

"Christian Theosophy" is the latest addition to the new isms.

Looking backward is said to be a plagiarism on looking sideways.

O.—Book received and notice given which was copied by G. G. of Feb. 22

Mr. G. H. Brooks lectures at Indianapolis for March. Address care Dr. H. S. Cunningham, 354 South Meridian street.

Our contributors will please remember that short articles see the light the soonest, while too long ones are laid on the shelf "for good."

Mrs. A. M. Mote, slate writing* medium still holds forth at 135 West Ninth street, this city, where she is receiving callers for seances.

Those who object to some of the reading matter contained in THE BETTER WAY will please read editorial "What is Spiritualism" and bear with us a little.

Colville, Hull and Loveland are booked for the Summerland anniversary meetings. Summerlanders may look for some stirring thoughts—flashes from this trio.

Mrs. Adah Foye has been giving successful lecture entertainments at Denver, Colo. The Odd Fellows hall was used as the place of meeting and always crowded.

Mr. Milo Porter, of Lombard, Ill., died very suddenly there week before last from heart disease. He leaves a wife, Mrs. Isa Wilson-Porter, the well-known test medium, and four children.

Rev. Henry Duncan, a Baptist minister, was hanged at Ozark, Ala., on the 21st ult. for wife murder, having poisoned her by administering strychnine in order to get rid of her without suspicion. But it didn't work. Murder will out.

Mrs. Mary C. Knight writes that she lectured for the past two months, twice each Sunday to the Independent Society of Spiritualists of Saratoga, N. Y., and finds that a constantly increasing interest is now being manifest in that part of the country.

Sunday afternoon the aged mother of Mr. William Kinsey slipped and fell down the flight of steps leading from Third to Celestial street. The lady fell on her head, injuring it badly, and she also fractured one arm. She was carried to the residence of her son, corner of Hill and Observatory streets, where she lies in a serious condition.

Mrs. Lizzie B. Green, slate writing medium, is now permanently located at 495 West Fifth street, this city, where she will be pleased to see her friends at any time. Sittings daily or by appointment. Visitors to the city can now be accommodated with slate writing, as there are several here who can be recommended as above reproach and suspicion.

Harry M. Jit, who for the past 18 years has been before the public as a materializing medium, died in Kansas City the first day of this month. He was born in Memphis, Mo., in 1845. His first wife and all his children died some years ago. His present wife is living near Los Angeles. On account of high water, Mrs. Mott-Knight, who is at present giving slate

writings in this city, could not attend funeral.

Those who know Dr. Dobson, know good man. He has been the medical death and many from long years' diseases or ailments. His is a knowledge is four-fifths of the diagnoses that ever existed, and we need no more experimenting patient, but can begin proper treatment once. Dr. Dobson does this most ably.

"The locality of the spirit world and inhabitants in relation to earth life" was the subject for discourse next Sunday evening at G. A. R. Hall. Admission is free. Mrs. C. J. Luther, lecturer. This lady is a wonderful speaker, having a giant voice and a magnetism that is calculated to captivate the hearer in short order. Her position is Ingersollian but pleasing, grows in favor as she proceeds. She should fail to hear her, nor wait until last Sunday, for it will be regretted to have heard her sooner so as to be able to hear her several times.

The American Eclectic College of Osteopathy held its fourteenth annual commencement on the 26th ult. at G. A. R. hall, and was attended by a dozen new doctors, each being presented with a diploma accompanied by a handsome bouquet. The first speaker on the rostrum was Prof. J. C. Wright, the dean of the college, in the lecture, who also conducted the exercises. The exercises opened with an Overture organ, violin and piano, followed by a usual program. After the degrees were conferred several gold medals were offered as prizes of which one was secured by a lady graduate. The dean then closed with a few appropriate parting words to the alumni and the audience. The whole was an enjoyable affair and was witnessed by about 400 people of which large number were Spiritualists.

Rev. Parker Shields, it is said, is having a hard time at Metcalf, Ill., running a revival, being insulted and having Cap letters sent to him. It is charged that the Spiritualists, of whom there are a large number in that village, are secretly directing the attack against the young preacher.—No danger. Spiritualists do not interfere with religious revivals because it is to their advantage to have them. If they make converts to a belief in immortality, they obtain the incentive to have this belief proved and will go over to the Spiritualists; while those who become disgusted with too much churching will flock over to the Spiritualists to get relief from this. Both ways religious revivals help to build up Spiritualism, and they all know it too, so our Christian brethren need not feel any uneasiness at that score. If the preacher is haunted by mortals, there must be personal reasons for so doing.

Literary.

The National Magazine for March contains the continuation of an interesting article by Professor Schele de Vere of the University of Virginia, entitled "How to Write," giving many curious historical facts. Rev. J. C. Quinn, L. L. D., will contribute "Biblical Literature." F. W. Harkins, Chancellor of the University of Chicago will describe the workings of the "National Circulating Library" of 2000 volumes and the new non-resident course of study of the University. A timely article on the University Extension System of England is by Rev. C. C. Willett, B. The ladies will be particularly interested in the new Woman's Institute on a unique plan, described in this number. Published the first of each month at 19 Toropoc street, Chicago, Ill. Sample copy, 10 cents.

History of the Origin of All Things.—In regard to information wanted, you do me the kindness to say to the Methodist minister, that he and others can obtain the desired information by purchasing and carefully perusing the "History of the Origin of All Things," first published 1852. I am the general agent for the sale of the books by subscription. The price, postage prepaid, is \$2.15. This history should be read by all Spiritualists, and much valuable knowledge on spiritual things will be obtained therefrom.

MRS. F. M. EDDY,

Horticultural Art Journal, published on the 15th of each month, by Stecher Lithographic Co., 336 North St. Paul street, Rochester, N.Y. Price \$3.00 per year. Single copies 25 cents. Those interested in fruit raising should send for a copy of the above as it gives valuable hints and information in this branch. It is also finely illustrated with samples.

Medium and Daybreak, Two Worlds, and Light, are the names of our London Spiritualist exchanges. They are all interesting papers and may be obtained through the Binner of Light agency, Boston.

The Dawn is a monthly journal of the Society of Christian Socialists, published by the Progress Pub. Co., 36 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Single copies 5 cents; one year 50 cents.

Esoteric for this month contains much that is interesting to the scientific student. Send for sample copy to 478 Shawmut avenue, Boston. Price 15 cents.

You have not to wait till the great hereafter to taste of hell—it is here and all around us that men are suffering its torments. What are these daily suicides that we read of but efforts to escape from hell?—Pacific Investigator.

CORRESPONDENCE

Haverhill, At the First Spiritualist Convention, held at the residence of Mr. J. W. Northam, of Boston, on the day of Feb. 21st and 22nd, Mrs. March 10th.

Detroit, Mr. A. E. Stanley writes from Spiritualism inquires. The cause of a society called "truth" has been organized, good attendance given, 7:30 o'clock, France, a state a portion of the

Cassadaga, The Grand Hotel (the old landlord) Gregory, Mr. Green, season, and consequently have good fare, season of 1899.

Another Midwinter health, after many short visits.

But, Jennie B. Hagedorn, home of Mrs. J. street. Miss Hagedorn, at the small town, solicits more engagements near Buffalo.

Monday, and the meeting at 3:30 p.m. will be given by William J. Hagedorn, who has been a member of the Society for some time.

The Better Way, and in add my little, equal the brilliant person, who was the Spiritualist, and the Society are to meet in the future. Mr. F. A. Eddy, New England, efforts of Wm. F. Eddy, who has been a member of the Society for some time.

Little died at mail, 7 o'clock. Many who were here, and were very much interested in the work of the Society.

Will attend to the work of the Society, and will be very much interested in the work of the Society.

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DR. FELLOW

successful in his quest for his brother, will be heading for the States in 10 days, says a source familiar with the case.

For young and old alike, there is more, suffering from Life-Wasting W as the result of a fallow, undernourished carcass. It is a paternal Appleton Printing Co. back is worth saving. It is not and should be the hands of those who

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big gentleman of rare professional skill
has earned success by good work. He
that he fulfills all his agreements to the
ter. Third, that he has performed cu-
hopeless cases that in the olden time his

would have been called miraculous. Yet and last, we know him to be an honest and a staunch Spiritualist.—THE BAY
WAY.



The Art Gallery.

A hooster once to town did come
To see the city sights;
Perceiving he strolled where stood a both
Illumined with many lights,
And, asking what was here to show,
Was told that he could see
All it contained—a gallery of art—
But ten cents was the fee.

Josh paid his money readily,
Bright with a curious grin;
An usher, greeted in his ways,
Prayed Josh to walk right in.
Josh looked around to see the art,
And strained thereby his eyes—
Astonishment had settled there,
And mule with great surprise.

Within the centre of the booth
A wooden stand, and more,
Some rubbish lay upon the same,
And some upon the floor.
"What's this?" cried Josh, "Where are your
arts?"

"They're here," the usher said;
And pointing to the different things,
"Draw near—don't be afraid!"

"Our subject here," my friend begins;
This is 'A Bridal Scene!'
And, pointing to a harness set,
Made Josh feel rather green.
"Here is another subject, friend,
'A Milk Maid and an Urt!'"

"Why, man," cried Josh, "in our parts
We call that thing a church!"

Then spoke the man: "I'll show you here
Another one (in oil),
'This called 'The Captives'—'Hold!' says
Josh,

"They're earlins, or I'll hold!"
"Here's one," he called "The Skipper's Home";
This will show your fancy please."

"I'm sold!" cried Josh, "I'll hear no more.
My folks would call this cheese!"

Then spoke the usher: "Here's one called
'Youth's Bitterest Recollections.'"
Quoth Josh, "Why 'tis the rod for which
I always had objections."

"Another here, drawn by T. Allow,
Called 'Light of Other Days!'"
"Why, that's a tall tale, man,
Or, sure, I'll mend my ways!"

"Here are some 'Drawings from Nature,'
friend:
'They're teeth, and nigh a peck!'"
"And here's a 'View of Cork,' well drawn—"
"Yes, from a bottle's neck!"

"I've a few more now to show, my friend:
A study give,
'A Group of Marbles'—'Aye,' says Josh,
"To roll about and play."

"The 'Ruins of Ancient China' here,
and one called 'Second Sight.'"
Poor Josh groaned, "Oh, some broken cups,
And glass to let in light."

"Though Lost to Sight to Memory dear,
A beautiful, charming scene."
"Get out!" smiled Josh; "A dollar gold—
The first for years I've seen."

"One more. I now will show you, friend
'A View of the Black Sea!'"
"Why, man, 'tis naught but paper white
And a black letter C."

"I leave you now Farewell!" says Josh.
"One subject more, my friend:
'Departed Spirit'—'Nay,' says Josh,
"Mine, too, have reached their end."

"The last is sold; but see yourself,
'This called 'The Ladies' Pet.'"
"A mirror," cried Josh; "that's so;
I see I am—you bet!"

So Josh retired in great disgust,
No more he would behold;
He'd seen enough of city sights,
And gloriously was sold.

ST. HELENA—NAPOLEON.

The natural features of St. Helena are the same now as when old Juan steered his crew of cut-throats past the Devil's Nose into the harbor, but every spot is hallowed by the memory of Napoleon. Up to quite recently there were living a few old islanders who remember the lively excitement that was created on the island when a British vessel came into the harbor, and it was announced to the astonished population that a man-of-war was on the way thither with Napoleon on board as a prisoner. The inhabitants had heard of Lelapic and Elba, but so slow was news in those days that the return from Elba, the Hundred Days, the hurried preparations for war, the rush to arms all over Europe, the campaign of Waterloo and the second abdication were to them unknown. But they all understood that henceforth their island was to be famous, one of the noted places of the earth; a place to which pilgrimages would be made; whose memory would live in story and song as long as that of the most extraordinary man the world ever produced.

The memorials of Napoleon are numberless. Here are the Briars, the first home of Napoleon on the island, where he resided until the house prepared for him by the British Government was completed. The island is full of stories of his captivity. How he played with the children and ran away from the angry cow; how he tried to frighten one of his childish friends by brushing up his hair and giving a Cossack howl; how he helped the little girls in their French exercises, correcting their idioms and spelling; how he would sing, or attempt to do so, with his peculiar, quavering voice; how he was fond of displaying his horsemanship on the lawn; how, with maps and red and black pins, he fought his battles over again; how he helped rig out a negro slave as a ghost to frighten the family; how he explored every nook and corner in the island

and asked questions about everything, you will read in the histories.

Longwood, the Emperor's permanent home on the island, is in the same condition as when he left it, though now it is a museum of Napoleonic relics. Here he endured a living death for over five years. Longwood is situated on the largest of the plains of St. Helena, in a singularly forbidding part of a singularly desolate island. It is said that the mighty heart of the Emperor sunk within him when, from the deck of the man-of-war, he contemplated the island and that had been selected by the British Government for his prison, and even more cheerless than the view of the harbor is the prospect from the windows of Longwood. Not far away is a little rocky valley where the great soldier sometimes walked. It contains three conical mountains known as Lot and his Daughters. Fairy Land is the name of the glen, and on more than one occasion runaway slaves and criminals have found temporary safety in the almost inaccessible clefts of these column-like mountains. At the foot of one of these Napoleon often took his stand and watched the sea, perhaps looking for the deliverance that never came. During the first two years of his captivity, he confidently expected to be by some means released, anticipating that European complications might necessitate his recall, but with failing health came the conviction that he was not destined to leave the rock alive.

He knew the British Government desired his death, and for a time feared poison, but the government chose a more brutal, if less speedy method. Proper medical attention might have prolonged his life many years, but it was refused him; the purpose of the government was to kill him as speedily as such a course would, and the plan found an able tool in Sir Hudson Lowe. Five years and a half after his arrival on the island he died in a little dark room, very meanly furnished, and the body was borne to the grave prepared not far away. Here he was buried. It was his desire that his remains should rest in France, and if the English Government forbade, in Corsica, but many years passed before the English Government would allow the transfer of his body to Europe. The English feared even a dead Napoleon, and would not give up the remains. At last, in 1840, the French Government made a demand for the body of the Emperor, the Government of England yielded, a French squadron was sent, and, with all the honors that were paid to the living man, the dead conqueror left his island and came back to the people who still worshipped his memory.

Mamma (reading)—"So they were married and lived happy ever after."
Chicago Ten Year O.D.—What you giving us?—Life

Dentist—"Do you want to take laughing gas?"
Visitor—"Not till after de tooth is out, boss—reckon I'll feel mo' like laughin' den!"—Puck.

"Pat, you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning."
"Indade, and O! am, sorr. It's a family trait O! do be takin' it!"
"Then your father is an early riser, too, eh?"

"Me feyther, is it? Faix and he roses that early that he'd go to bed a little later he'd mate himself gettin' up in the mornin'!"—Richmond Dispatch.

A REPLY TO MR. PECK.

To the Editor of The Better Way.
In response to my comments on Mr. Peck's Cassadaga Lecture in 1888, he says: "I have little time or inclination to rush into print, even to defend my sincere convictions." I regret that his time should be so preoccupied. It is, however, gratifying to be informed that, but few words are necessary in reply. He should bear in mind that I am in this discussion by invitation of his friend Mrs. Lynch. In THE BETTER WAY of Jan. 11, she, quoting from his lecture, suggested that any one might respond who had the temerity to do so. I am here in obedience to that suggestion. Mr. Peck cavils and complains because I object to his use of the word "indestructible" as synonym for immortality. He says: This is a "merely captious objection," and "like throwing dust in one's eyes in order to blind them to the real state of the case." He dare not attempt to justify his use of the word, and yet his whole argument turns upon its misuse. His "foundation stone" of materialism rests upon the false assumption that, because matter is "indestructible," it is therefore immortal. The words are not synonymous, and the inference does not follow. Who, then, pray, is answerable to the charge of "throwing dust to blind" the reader to the real issue?

Mr. Peck says: "I deny my critic's right to decide that the use of the word immortal is inapplicable to matter." I reply: I have assumed to decide no such thing. That question has been decided by the lexicographers. Mr. Peck's contention as to the meaning and proper application of the words mortal and immortal is with them and not with me. The words he gives as synonyms of immortal are synonymous only when applied to existence, being—as qualifying conscious living entities.

Inorganic elementary matter, cannot be qualified as mortal or immortal. The word mortal comes from the Latin *mortalis*; and its root is *mors*, derived, I presume, from the Roman deity, More, or, goddess of death. All that is mortal dies; and that which is immortal never dies. All lexicons concur in this significance of the word. To be immortal is to be exempt from death; deathless, undying &c. To be undying, there must be existence, life. Whenever the word is differently applied, it is applied in a figurative sense, as "immortal fame," "immortal song," "immortal hopes," &c.

Mr. Peck wants to know if I would really have people believe that there is such a thing as dead matter? I answer, all inorganic elementary matter is destitute of life, and therefore dead. It has no conscious existence. And I ask Mr. Peck, by what logical process he reaches a different conclusion. Inorganic elementary matter is inert, if moveable, it is by a power or force other than itself. Matter in its elementary inorganic state has no self-impelling power. I have not Mr. Peck's lecture before me while I write, but I remember he said matter moved only when it came in contact with some other moving body of matter. He did not explain what power or force put in motion the first moving body of matter. There is no dispute between Mr. Peck and myself as to love and hate being opposite qualities of a living entity. But the logical inference is just as much a fallacy between things or substantialities of opposing qualities as between the qualities themselves. Hence the "delusive sophism" is still his own and not mine.

Mr. Peck imagines there may be an immortal material organism, and says: "It is only when the waste exceeds the accretion that dissolution takes place." True, but by a universal and immutable law the waste, eventually, always has exceeded the accretion. I am not disposed to question that many people now know more about some things than St. Paul did. But, possibly, they do not know more about spiritual things. It is true we have learned much about astronomy and medicine since the days of Ptolemy and Aesculapius. But it is not quite so certain that St. Paul might not even now instruct as to the nature of the spiritual body and throw some light upon its relation to the spiritual universe. F. H. BEMIS.

Written for The Better Way.

"As We Sow We Shall Reap."
Not for all the wealth of the world would we exchange spiritual knowledge and truth. That which we possess we consider so far exceeds all else, although we would not ignore the accumulating of enough of this world's wealth to be comfortable or live above actual want. Yet we believe that to be fettered with great possessions here retards spiritual growth, and is more of an injury to a person than a benefit; and those who possess an abundance of this world's goods, and do not know that to give according to the needy and to worthy objects of charity. They lose the blessing that the cheerful giver receives, and they impoverish their spiritual natures.

We would that they could see themselves in the light that spirits see them, we think they would do and act differently from what too many of them now do. How sad it seems to us to see multitudes of earth's inhabitants with out the comforts of life—to see them suffer from hunger and cold, when but a step away from them are those who are rolling in wealth and luxury, little thinking that the crumbs that may drop from their tables might help to feed some one of God's poor creatures, who are as dear to him and, perhaps more so, than the rich man or woman, who selfishly lavish their good gifts upon themselves alone; when if they would be more willing to divide the blessings they receive, they would be adding new beauties to their spirit homes and preparing their own spirits to enjoy those lovely homes when their earth homes pass from their possession, which they will sooner or later; for all is change in this earth life. "We know not what a day may bring forth."

What Produces Death.

Some one says that few men die of age. Almost all persons die of disappointment, personal, mental or bodily toll or accident. The passions kill men sometimes even suddenly. The common expression, "choked with passion," has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength, and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals, which live temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives 25 years, the ox 15 or 20, the lion about 20, the hog 10 or 12, the rabbit 8, the guinea pig 7. The numbers all bear proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to full size. But man, of all animals, is one that seldom comes up to the average. His ought to live a hundred years.—Scientific American.

Blifkins says: "When I see Mrs. Bliff in the clothes yard, both arms as red as a boiled lobster, bared to the elbow, and stretched high above her in their struggles with an unruly sheet, an apron over her head, her hair in her eyes, and a clothes-pin protruding from her mouth, it seems impossible that she is one and the same with Miss Stebbins I used to feed on peppermints and about whom I used to rave so."

Written for The Better Way.

Consolation.

BISHOP A. BEAL.

In this world of blindness,
How my heart doth grieve
For a lingering word of kindness
That may gently breathe
Of the soul's sweetest love.
Pure as sunbeams flowers,
Drawing from the clouds above
All their heavenly powers.

Though my heart be laden
Or with anguish here,
Yet this life is but a dream
Of a world of cheer.
From the storm-clouds peeling
Thoughts, the shock of time;
Often I can see revealing
God's dear word sublime.

And from sorrow's bed I rise,
Stronger in endeavor,
Strong to work ill evils dies,
Every link to sever.
And to deeds of kindness
To sweeten life anew;
To those in mental blindness
Reveal the good and true.

Were it not for this
That my heart hath seen
In my dreams of bliss
Of the beautiful unseen,
I might doubt God's best giving.
Dropping from above,
Or the wisdom of earth living,
Were it not for this sweet love.

Now I see that in giving
Of the soul's best gifts,
It is adding the living,
And a fallen brother lifts;
And the words and angel touch
Makes the impress strong.
Do not live for self so much,
Live to conquer every wrong.

St. Paul, Minn.

A local medium, Paul A. Johnson, just developed as a slate writer, gave a public exhibition of his powers Sunday evening, Feb. 17, at the Spiritual Alliance Hall, Bishop A. Beal officiating at the services. The St. Paul Globe says of the seance:

"Mr. Beal called upon Paul A. Johnson, a smooth-faced, fair-haired young man, with a corrugated brow, went forward with a bundle of slates and called an examining committee. He also declared he would give \$500 to Keller if the latter would reproduce his slate writing. Keller being occupied with manifestations of his own at the Newmarket, the bluff was not called. Thereupon he produced messages upon slates sealed together to the satisfaction of the committee; reproduced the messages, blindfolded, upon a blackboard, read messages upon other people's slates and did divers funny and inexplicable things. He announced that a man in the audience had a letter in his pocket of a private nature which he would read if consent was given, or he would call the name of the man if the man was willing. No one responded, and everybody looked admiringly at Mr. Johnson, who announced that 'everybody could do it if they knew how to do it.' The contents of the sealed letters were read, the medium holding them aloft, snapping his fingers, presumably to call up the unseen force, and striking a dramatic attitude as he revealed the contents, word for word. Subjuncts were given him by the audience, as 'Spiritualism,' 'Immortality' and 'Force.' Mr. Johnson himself is not wont to speak with regard to the rules of syntax, but the essays on the slates were correct and spelled and worded when produced on the slates. The essay on 'Spiritualism' contained about 1,700 words, and was so fine the committee could not read it without a magnifying glass. Without seeing it Johnson read a portion of it. The manifestation ended, the medium was greeted with a general clapping of hands, a song was sung and the meeting was over.

Mr. Johnson is a St. Paul boy of Swedish parentage, about twenty years of age. It is said that his family have repudiated him since he has gone into the medium business."

Liberal, Mo.

We came here from Peoria, Ill., February 14th, and were very kindly welcomed. On Sunday Mr. Allen and myself had a conference with the friends in the forenoon and gave public lectures in the afternoon. Both meetings were conducted in the new spiritual hall and were well attended. The conference was chiefly for the purpose of considering the advisability of organizing a Children's Progressive Lyceum; and finding a unanimous sentiment in favor of the same, it was agreed upon to organize the Lyceum next Sunday morning, February 25th, and include children of all ages. Judging by the interest manifested in this effort, a full attendance is anticipated.

On Monday afternoon the people of Liberal again assembled at Spiritual Science Hall, to attend the funeral exercises of one of their most highly and respected and beloved citizens, Mr. John McKee. The exercises were conducted by Mr. J. H. Walser, Mr. Allen and myself. The choir rendered beautiful and very appropriate music. Mr. Allen and myself sang an original song, entitled "The Meeting Place." The deceased was a thorough spiritualist for many years, and now leaves a family well informed regarding the truths of our philosophy, which causes them to feel more reconciled to his departure to the higher life. Many of the sensitive present felt, unmistakably, the presence of the arisen brother, and some even received whispered messages from him during the exercises.

On Wednesday night, the 19th ult., the Spiritualists gave a dance, called "The Silver Gray Dance," and a joyous affair it was. Thursday afternoon, February 21st, I gave a lecture to ladies on the subject of "Woman, her past, present and future." The plan was to lecture in the evening; a ladies aid society, which is to serve as an auxiliary to the spiritual society proper. They are in earnest and doubtless will succeed. It was through the efforts of a few ladies here that the house in which the new hall is built was donated to the cause, and then through the combined efforts of earnest souls of both sexes, the building was "materialized." One of those tutoring workers was Mr. Elias Andrews, who is now seventy-seven years of age but who never failed on any one work day to put in his appearance at the building as chief carpenter and builder, donating his time and labor from the day the first load of lumber was brought to the designated place until the structure was done. Is not this an example of perseverance and devotion worthy of emulation by the many spiritualist societies in cities much larger than Liberal, that have no building where Spiritualism has a permanent abiding place?

Although the seance was regularly held in the hall now, the society is looking forward with many pleasant anticipations to a grand formal dedication on the last three days of March, or when occasion may be expected from abroad.

Prerogative.

Immortal Love.

Eyes of man hath never seen
Ear of man hath not heard,
Human fancy hath not dream'd,
All the joy, the life, the truth,
All the endless sweet delight
That may be found in spirit life.

—London Light.

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Written for The Better Way.

SPIRITUAL SOCIALISM.

BY J. O. HARGETT.

Nothing is plainer to every well informed believer in angel ministry than that no lucid and reliable intelligence can come from the other side unless we strictly comply with the conditions requisite to its coming. Given the conditions, and structure follows in imagery. If it be true as the "voices" declare, as logic demonstrates, as our experience corroborates, that our habits and customs, when interwoven into the constituency of our spiritual being, determine the plane of character we shall gravitate to on our entrance upon the immortal world, thence to learn upward by fiery trial, how important it is that we eradicate everything that engenders thoughts and their sequential deeds, which, like dead weights, hold us within the hells we build.

The opening of the unseen and real to our mundane sphere evolves a general reconstruction of all material instrumentalities of spiritual growth—a regeneration in fact to the end that the spiritual may be the prime incentive to action, making environments simply a helper to fitness for the discharge of life's responsibilities here and hereafter. Can we ever attain such an altitude of character by isolated effort, by absorbing self in spiritual asceticism? That but sours the affections—veils out the beauties we seek. No angel stays when we neglect our privileged duty. Character is lifted up to dwell in an ineffable light, when the soul gratitude of the many we bless ties to them as with the very rays of this light. Angelhood does not consist of individuals in virtue, nor of a par excellence so lonely we forget our fellow beings pining in want. Angelhood comes of affiliating charities, and thence fitting environment to the ingermated and developing goodness in the human. In vain, then, may we anticipate heaven unless we socialize heaven on earth. The mission of angel ministry is to remove obstructions, and then institute a system of secular life, to serve as the counter part of the spiritual, and discipline us until we become "members one of another"—a temple then for holy angels to dwell in.

For a moment take a summary of "the obstructions, and note what our duty is to prepare the way." Look at the adulterants in food and drink; at the ever augmenting villainies of trade; at the customary lying and gouging; at the hypocrites naturally growing from such habits; at the indigence of laborers; at the sorrows and miseries of poverty under the shadows of the palaces and churches; at the imbecilities of intellect and conscience, breeding not only in the slums of vice, but in fashionable circles; at the devilities of our party politics; at the trend of popular government toward monarchical in the American Republic; at the mammon worship in church and State, both lord and slave bearing "the marks of the beast in their foreheads." Are we the appointees of heaven to establish heaven on earth, if, by tacit consent or actual deeds, we aid and abet in these wrongs and woes? We may be sure of one thing, that if we have not moral courage enough to draw the two-edged sword of righteous wrath upon anointed evil, the oracles will be soon silenced to us, and an army of our spiritual iconoclasts will "rise to fire the magazine." Are we commissioned by the angel world to better our world for our living in it? Then must we institute in our society the higher law that is engraved upon our understanding of human rights. The Eden of angel ministry is not ours to keep unless we extend its boundaries, unless we espouse with others the reforms essential to a residence therein, unless we do the bidding of the angel guards, unless we engage in uncompromising war upon laws and customs subversive of natural and inalienable justice between man and man. Come, let us cease our individual misanthropy, and begin a spiritual socialism that shall peacefully construct an industrial body to the soul that inspires it. Let us develop an environment after the pattern our angels have shown us on the mount of transfiguration. Let us institute the heavenly gospel for equal chance to gain competence by earning it, to glean the virtues from mutual helpfulness, and be blessed in blessing others. Then "the world will be the better for it."

Written for The Better Way.

"SHADOWS."

BY JOHN WETHERS.

I do not know when I have taken up a paper that is fuller of interesting reading than the copy of THE BETTER WAY now before me of February 22d. It is always a neat paper, and been growing more and more so; but this special number reaching me on this holiday I think the editor must have laid himself out for a special effort. It almost made me wish there had been some "shadows" in it just for the sake of company, but that would have amounted to nothing, except perhaps by contrast. I hope THE BETTER WAY will continue to improve as it grows older, and I have no doubt it will.

Well, now look at the items and articles in this number; there is a beginning of Plato, which makes one want to see the others to start with, and Mrs. N. T. J. Brigham's very interesting discourse; then Clairvoyance, beginning with the Rev. M. J. Savage's name, which always "glides refined gold" in my eyes, almost making me want to relate some of the experiences of the chamber

where the good man meets his fate. I need not name all the articles that interested me. The impressions of ancient Egypt from Miss Eward's lecture was new and interesting to me; we may grow up to Egypt yet in time. There were many short articles on spirit and matter, some headed "Matter" and three "Is Spirit Matter?" I think that by Dr. S. S. Lincoln is the clearest of the three and more in the line of solution. I do not agree with Bro. Peck; that the conception of spirit as an immateriality, an intelligent nothing, belongs to the age of myths, when God could create a universe out of nothing; but he misses his mark here, perhaps I will in what I say. We never will know it all, we shall be learning something, even of spirit and matter, through all eternity; if it were not so eternity would be no boon. I cannot conceive how any one can say spirit must be matter or nothing. The opposite of something may be nothing, and spirit is something, but the opposite of spirit is not matter, nor the opposite of matter is not spirit. As Dr. L. says, electricity, heat, light, etc., are not material, but certainly are immaterial; modes of motion, energy. They are neither matter nor spirit, but they certainly are not nothing. Spirit may use them, act through them, and manifest itself into external or objective life from subjective or invisible life. I do not believe we shall ever see God objectively, or see each other either, that is, the real man, the me, the ego. That will be forever invisible. All we will ever see of God or man is his or their manifestations through matter. The form, which we all know, is not the real man. God is a spirit—man is a spirit. God is invisible spirit; man is finite; but both are invisible spirits. I suppose the latter is a spark of the infinite. God is a spirit, the material of his manifestation. We do not know but He is a personality as man is. It talks to us symbolically, as a journeyer Truth said to the proslavery man, quoting the bible, that he did not understand God's language. I did not think any of us do, but are learning it more and more; but there seem to be people, like Plato, Jesus, Solomon, Swedenborg, Emanuel Kant and others, who seem to talk with us in a way that suggests of an infinite intelligence. As Ernest Renan says, God does not prove Himself, but is felt.

Man is a spirit manifest in the flesh, which is matter, and when he dies becomes a disembodied spirit, as the saying is; he is not disembodied only of his flesh. He has stepped out of his blood and bones as he would out of his clothes, but in the summer land as a spirit he is still manifest in form invisible to our material eye, but still a form visible to spirits, and that form is material, though finer and more ethereal; but that spirit form, any more than the human form, is not the real man. We never shall reach him, as I have said, any more than we shall reach God; the nearest we shall get to either God or man is their manifestations, and that is material. The real God and the real man are spirit, one infinite and the other finite. The real man is spirit, his manifestations in form, spirit or mortal, is material more or less refined or sublimated, but matter, however attenuated, but spirit is not matter, nor is it nothing. These lines, which I believe are Emerson's, convey an idea, so I will quote them; they do not explain this subject, which may be unexplainable, but they make a good stanza and worth remembering:

"God is, without him, man is not;
Man is, without him God is dead;
Each by the other is begot,
The God sea by the man stream fed."

Specially Reported for The Better Way.

SLATE WRITING EXTRAORDINARY.

Esteemed Friends:—Some of you will remember a very peculiar, frank and earnest man who passed from this earth a few years ago at his home in Warren County, Ohio, in the confirmed opinion that "death ends all." His name was (and still continues to be) Orson S. Murray. He and I were intimate friends for many years while he lived on earth, and that the link of friendship was not destroyed by his entering upon the new experience of life in the spiritual world, the following letter recently written by him will demonstrate. It was written at a seance kindly given to friend Murray by Mrs. L. Z. S. Green, now stopping in this city at 405 West Fifth street. The writing was done in the manner called independent slate writing, and with the desire to have it printed in THE BETTER WAY or the Golden Gate, so I offer it to THE BETTER WAY, hoping that the Golden Gate may also publish it.

VALENTINE NICHOLSON.

Good morning, my venerable old friend. I have been aware for a long time that you were anxious to hear from me, and you may be assured that I have been ready to respond to your call at all times. I find the conditions to favor me here to-day, and I shall try as best I can to speak to you through the agency of slate and pencil.

I do not find myself alone here this morning, for there are quite a large number in attendance, among whom is your own and highly cherished friend, Lucetta Mott. She will not write to you now, but she bids me to say, "I rejoice, my dear old friend, to meet thee here to day, and I bring thee my blessing."

I have had ample time, since my departure from the flesh, to review my career in mortal life, and I am about as well satisfied with it as ordinary mortals

can be. I have few regrets, and much to be thankful for. That I committed blunders I now know, but I am comforted by the certainty that I was in many ways right in many things; and in many ways. My mental constitution, as I am now able to perceive, was peculiar, and impelled me to be uncompromising and seemingly uncharitable in the maintenance of an assumed position, when thoroughly convinced of its correctness. I was intolerant of error as I saw it, and combative in warfare upon it. I never deluged to apologize for my opinion, however much at war with prevalent opinion or the opinions of others; and when I showed I was indifferent as to where the chips fell, I was not, therefore, as you know, a very popular man.

My life work was largely devoted to antagonizing popular theories, doctrines and systems and was generally on the unpopular side of questions. But my solace now is that I was rigidly honest in my dealings with my fellow men in the affairs of life, and in dealing with the questions of general public interest I have no regrets. The ministry, the profession, was too narrow and cramped for me, and I soon discovered that the accredited fundamental principles of the Christian system of religion were fallacious, and without foundation in truth. But, unfortunately, I went with one mind to the other extreme, and embraced the materialism of Huxley and the atheism of Voltaire. This was the greatest blunder of my life, and I most sincerely regret it. I believed that evidence was better than authority, and having discarded the authority of the church and of priestcraft so arrogantly set up without the pro to warrant their assertions and pretensions, I drifted irresistibly to materialism.

When I awoke to consciousness in this life, I involuntarily exclaimed, "Thinking still!" I was awakened by the sweetest strains of the most enchanting music, and a dear one who had gone before spoke to me. Dazed and half doubting I said to myself, Is it possible, after all, that death is not an "entrance upon sleep which knows no waking" and these familiar lines occurred to me as containing the most stupendous error of my life. "I go to my perpetual rest and to my sleep from which no power exists to awaken me." Yes, dear brother, I am thinking still and working still, and shall work on as long as I can find work to do, in combatting error wherever found, whether in the religious, social or political world. The uplifting of humanity, the upbuilding of truth and the uprooting and overthrowing of everything that is false shall engage my attention, inspire any interest, absorb my time, and command my best services. Fight on, brave soul, fight on. I know the dark clouds often thickly gather round you, but often not. Here, in the land of precious liberty, there is justice, and you are not forgotten or overlooked. Let the selfish, the bigoted and the arrogant turn their backs upon you, fight on still; and when the time comes (not long now), for you to leave the cold charnel world in which you now exist, your pathway to the higher, better and more glorious life will be illuminated with the love of God, and your happiness will be increased and intensified by what of persecution and neglect you have suffered and endured here below. Good day, I must go; will meet you again. Thanks to this honored instrument I have engaged to-day.

ORSON S. MURRAY.

Sensation in Albion, Michigan.

One of the most remarkable and wonderful cures that has been performed since the Christian era, is in the case of Mr. George Young, of Albion, Calhoun Co. Mich. The following is what Mr. Young says:

For many years I was stricken with disease of so serious a character that I could not walk or stand. I was reduced in flesh from 180 to 100 pounds. The local physicians called my complaint liver, heart and kidney disease—in fact all manner of diseases—but after I had paid out a great deal of money they said I must die, and that very soon. Just at this time one of Dr. Dobson's lectures fell into my hands (I was no believer in Spiritualism) and I thought I would send to him and make a trial, for there was nothing else left for me. He sent what he called "spiritual magnetized remedies." I commenced to take them, and in a very short time I began to improve, and to-day I am as healthy a man as there is in Michigan, and can do as hard a day's work, and know that Dr. Dobson cured me. I took four months of his treatment; two months after I was well and it has nearly if not quite made me a Spiritualist. Since I got well Dr. Dobson has been here to see me, and I attended one of his slate writing seances, which to me was wonderful. My cure made an excitement in town, and by its means Dr. Dobson has had over one hundred patients here, and has been successful in curing or greatly benefiting nearly every one. Myself and wife will never tire in doing everything we can to induce the sick to send to Dr. A. B. Dobson, of Mankato, Iowa, for assistance, the man that saved me from a premature grave. It is nearly a year since he cured me. It is through him and his spirit band of doctors that I am alive.

Albion, Calhoun Co. Mich.
The foregoing is but one of many similar testimonials voluntarily furnished by Dr. A. B. Dobson, of this city. His disciples number thousands, scattered from Maine to Oregon, and from Dakota to the Gulf. It is quite likely some may be found who have derived no great benefit from his treatment, though we are free to say we have never heard of such a case—the uniform testimony being "entirely cured or greatly benefited." "The lame walk—the deaf hear—the blind see." Dr. Dobson's career has been a wonderful one; and certainly he is richly deserving of all the success that has crowned his work during the last few years of his residence in this city. He is warm hearted and generous with his friends, while those disposed to deride or oppose his work, he is not afraid to answer, and according to his folly—Mankato (Iowa) Record. See ad. in another column.

Is Spirit a Condition of Matter?

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I can see no earthly reason to doubt it. But I wish particularly just now to pat Allie Lindsay Lynch on the head, and give her my sympathies for the shilly shally wash thrown at her by those not being able to comprehend even the language in which they write, can assume to instruct a lady who manifests so much intelligence. Mac's high tone is particularly amusing. From the composition of Allie Lindsay Lynch's letter I think she will not feel badly hurt by a man who speaks of "scientific information to you and I."

Imparted to you it is all right, but do not impart it to I. I fear this bug has killed the lady entirely.
Again Mac says: "Allie did it ever occur to you that science follows in the wake of genius? * * * yet I would dislike very much to see any person be so foolish as to reject the golden truths of the A. B. C. of Spiritualism because they could not scientifically understand the higher law of this great philosophy." Now, I beg that I may be excused for saying, this is entirely too heavy artillery for the lady. No doubt Allie understands it, but the question is, does she understand it scientifically? The first thought is that Mac is referring to any person; but when we find "they" used further on, we are left in amazement. In fact, there is so much science manifested in the expression of the entire article, that I think it wrong to hurl it at an unprotected female. If Mac would only remember that science cannot deal with spirit at all, unless it is a condition of matter, he would not belabor poor Allie with such powerful weapons.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have no argument by which to prove that spirit is matter; nor have I any method of showing that there is such a force as the attraction of gravity. The subject is beyond my grasp, but, unlike Mac, I appreciate the difficulty. I think we have no appreciation of things immaterial. We have no experience with things not material, and hence science tells us nothing about them. To speak of so-called or supposed elementary gases as immaterial, is mere petitio principii, for it is just as difficult to prove that they are immaterial as to prove that spirit is.

But my principle motive, Mr. Editor, is to assure the lady that, although her position is not even understood by her loudest braying critics, that some of us humbler individuals fully sympathize with her and appreciate her excellent argument. Fraternally,

B. R. ANDERSON.

Mrs. Colby Luther,

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